

# COUNTRY LIFE

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LALLIE CHARLES.

LADY DALMENY.

57, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## VILLAGE WAR FOOD SOCIETIES.

LAST week comment was made here upon the absence of any report from the Committee appointed to enquire into the best means of increasing and conserving the food supply in time of war. It is pretty evident that something has gone wrong with the report. The need of urgency is obvious. On this occasion time is of the very essence of the contract, for if the next few weeks are sacrificed to irresolution, nothing can be done this year. The country ought to demand the reason for the delay. Does it arise from the inability of the Commissioners to suggest measures that will be at once acceptable and effective? Or what is the matter? Meantime the Board of Agriculture has issued a ridiculous little leaflet called "Village Food Societies," the writer of which completely fails to realise his own responsibilities. The tone of the pamphlet is that of the dilly-daddle. "It is probable," thus it begins, "that the most successful means of increasing production," etc. The leading phrases used in describing the formation and aim of the Society are "might be" and "would be." The language, in fact, is that of the hopeless amateur. It might very appropriately be used for mothers' meetings, but is very much out of date when employed to rally the poorer class of cultivator. The writer's calm and placid phrases are due to inability to grasp the central fact. He is professedly addressing the working classes, but apparently does not know that the

first essential is to stir them up to a sense of the danger by which they are menaced. They are taking very little thought for the morrow. At present many regard the war as a blessing in very thin disguise. It has made work abundant and wages high, and provided the wives and children with allowances that exceed the total family income before the war. This prosperity is being enjoyed. It enables those to whom it has come to get the best of everything in the way of food, drink and clothes. They do not realise that it is only a passing thing, and that before the end comes they, too, will taste of war's hardship and privation.

If, therefore, the Board of Agriculture is to do any good, it must begin by demolishing this house of cards, this false security, this Fool's Paradise. What has to be faced is the certainty that these symptoms are deceptions. If anything effective is to be done, the conditional mood must be discarded for the imperative, "You might do" for "You must." The Village War Food Society has possibilities of good, but only if its institution be made as imperative as that of the Parish Council. A policy of making each locality fulfil its own obligations has much to recommend it. But merely to suggest that if this were done it would have a good effect is futile. It is utter trifling with a subject of very great importance. The subject-matter of the pamphlet leads to the conclusion that the writer is one who goes by the book; and for a document dated August, 1915, and brought out with special urgency, a great many of the recommendations are out of date. Goose keeping and pig keeping, if started now, are not likely to yield any appreciable result till the war is over. In poultry keeping what are needed are rough and ready hints for immediate application. Why, when the breeding season is almost over, direct attention to the possibilities in this respect of turkeys, geese and ducks? The hints on pigeon breeding for the market are incomplete and practically useless.

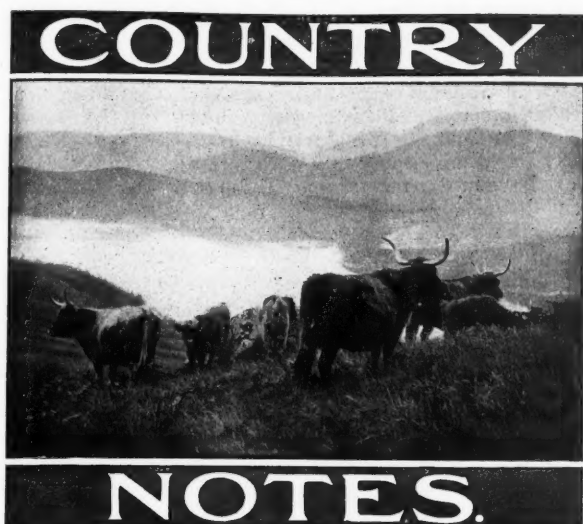
It will therefore be perceived that this leaflet is but a poor substitute for the Committee's Report. Everybody feels that in the immediate future the food question is certain to be important, and may be overwhelmingly so. Next to the military object, that of winning the war, which transcends every other, the most important task before us is that of increasing the fertility of the soil. We very greatly regret that our Board of Agriculture, though admirably improved in many ways, has not shown itself competent to deal with this very important question. The initial error lay in appointing a Committee at all; far better have utilised the existing brain of the Department, its inspectors and correspondents.

Even economy is left far too much to voluntary, and therefore sporadic, effort. The Duchess of Beaufort, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Ripon, and their colleagues are doing what ought to have been effected officially. They are endeavouring to organise the self-sacrifice of the women of this country by inaugurating a league, the members of which will bind themselves to bear privation and to practise self-denial. There are six points in the programme, and in the forefront is placed the resolution to reduce expenditure on imported goods, and strictly to limit the purchase of everything that comes under the category of luxuries. They vow to adopt simplicity in dress and restrict the use of motors to necessary and charitable purposes. They promise to give up all unnecessary entertaining both at home and restaurants, and reduce home consumption to its lowest limits. They undertake in no case to employ men-servants unless ineligible for public service and, finally, they bind themselves to preach this doctrine to their friends. The manifesto of the league is signed by fourteen ladies of title, and they have been selected for the purpose on the principle that "the example must be set by those who have the widest margin of the essentials of life." All honour to them for doing it.

## Our Frontispiece

WE publish this week a portrait of Lady Dalmeny, younger daughter of Lord Henry George Grosvenor, who married Lord Dalmeny in 1909. Lord Dalmeny is now an A.D.C. on Sir John French's personal staff.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



AS a result of the capture of Warsaw, it appears that Germany, through the King of Denmark, offered Russia a "magnanimous" peace. This rumour is confirmed by the official *Bourse Gazette* of Petrograd. The terms, as described by another Russian paper, were that Galicia should be ceded to Russia, while Germany would retain the Western districts of Poland. These proposals were promptly rejected. Our Ally, after her spirited and stubborn resistance, did not evince any inclination to give up the cause of the Allies, and the Duma is strong in support of the military authorities. No other course was possible. The original *casus belli* lay in Austria's attempt to bully Serbia, constituting the war nominally at least, one between Russia and Austria, with Germany intervening on one side, and France and Britain on the other. Besides, it is very unlikely that the fall of Warsaw is considered to be as important in the eye of the Grand Duke as in that of the Kaiser. At all events, those who were most familiar with the conditions expected it to occur before Christmas, and the betting was even that it would take place, for reasons that at the time were explained in these pages and elsewhere. Russia will now begin to develop her real strength. It was common knowledge that on the opening of the war her armies needed training, and were inadequately armed. To-day the great Empire, stirred to its depth, is utilising every possible means for remedying these defects, and in the course of a very few months Russia will probably be a more redoubtable opponent than she was during the campaign of 1914-15.

BUT the most interesting feature of this communication lies in the light it throws on the ultimate object of the Kaiser. He doubtless fomented the quarrel with Russia and calculated that he could administer a knockdown blow before she had time to prepare herself adequately for fighting. It is known that France has been indirectly approached to make a separate peace also. The Kaiser is said to have offered the return of nearly all Alsace Lorraine and the territory at present held by the German armies. His aim in either case is to detach the Allies so as to be able to concentrate the whole of his force against Great Britain. That is the true meaning, not only of the campaign, but of the hymns of hate and other expressions of an envy that has been swelling and growing for many years. Foiled in the attempt to sow discord among the Allies, the Kaiser may be expected to make a desperate attempt to burst the line in France or Flanders. But forewarned is forearmed and the forces that turned the invading tide on the Marne will know how to deal with the next attempt.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG'S reputation never was in any real peril, despite the dead set which compelled his resignation. It is brought into very clear light by certain correspondence which shows that it was he, and not Mr. Winston Churchill, who stopped the demobilisation of the Fleet just before the outbreak of war. There is no reflection on Mr. Churchill in saying this. In fact, he and Prince Louis of Battenberg had relations of intimacy and complete mutual confidence. Some time ago, Mr. F. T. Jane, lecturing in Sheffield, gave the credit to Mr. Churchill; but in the passage of his speech in which he said this being forwarded to the Prince, the latter pointed out that it was he and "not Mr. Churchill, who was spending the week-end

with his wife at Cromer, who ordered all ships to stand fast instead of demobilising as ordered." Mr. Jane, in the frankest terms, has acknowledged and corrected his error, and Sir George Scott-Robertson, the Liberal member for Central Bradford, has given very full particulars of what actually took place. It appears that Mrs. Churchill was very ill at Cromer, and Mr. Churchill was compelled to go there for the week-end, but he had complete trust in the Sea Lord, to whom he left the fullest powers for dealing with any emergency that might arise. These facts were known many months ago, but were not published, in deference to the wish of Prince Louis of Battenberg, who was afraid that some sort of injury to national interests might result. They show that both of these leaders were fully alive to the peril of the situation at a time when a great many of their fellow-countrymen were lulled to the peace of a false security.

IT is safe to say that no war poem printed since the outbreak of hostilities has more spirit and tenderness, imagination and sympathy, than the lines from Miss Falconer, which we have the pleasure to print below. Only a few of our readers know that Miss Falconer lives on the Scottish border, but by this time the whole world is aware of the splendid part which the Regular soldiers and Territorials from that region have played in the war. In sending the poem, Miss Falconer writes that "the Borders are hard hit with K.O.S.B. losses. Since Flodden Field there has been no such titling of young men." The lists of casualties published from time to time in the London papers have given eloquent though mournful testimony to the manner in which men on either side of the Tweed have acquitted themselves in the hour of peril. On the monument at Flodden are inscribed the words "To the brave of both nations," and Territorials in every part of the country will, we think, read with equal pleasure this tribute, which applies not only locally, but to one and all of these magnificent regiments.

#### TERRITORIALS.

Where are the lads who went out to the war?  
*This year, and last year and long, long ago—*  
 With eyes full of laughter and song on their lips—  
 (Our sad hearts flew after as birds follow ships!)  
*Where are they now, do you know?*

Some sleep in Flanders and some sleep in France,  
*This year, and last year, and long years to come—*  
 And under the rampart that guards far Stamboul  
 Some are camped in a rest deep and cool,  
*And they heed not the bugle and drum!*

They'll come, though not all! They will come from  
 the war!—  
*This year or next year, or early or late—*  
 And come well or wounded, come many or few,  
 They will bring back their honour, their faith high  
 and true  
*Or will bear it to Paradise Gate.*

AGNES S. FALCONER.

BEFORE this number appears grouse shooting will have begun in Great Britain under unparalleled circumstances. Owners and tenants of moors are in many cases undecided as to what course they should adopt. It would appear, on a first glance, unseemly to hold shooting parties at a time of great national stress, when the manhood of the country is facing death and wounds for its sake. They will find some guidance for their conduct in the excellent letter which Lord Salvesen, the Chairman of the Patriotic Food League, Scotland, has sent to the Press. He thinks that the matter should be considered with reference to the question of food supply. Game of all kinds promise to be very plentiful. There is more than an abundance of grouse on the moors, and of partridges on the manors. The rearing of pheasants has not been carried out on a large scale, but the wild birds have bred freely. Most of the men, who in the natural course of things, would have done the shooting, are at the front, but Lord Salvesen suggests that owners of moors should not allow valuable food to be wasted on that account. Those who are much in need of a holiday, officers back from the front on short leave, and elderly men and young lads who can shoot may do so to their own advantage and that of the nation.

THAT the game should be killed down is undeniable, but at the same time Lord Salvesen points out that it would be wrong to employ able-bodied men as loaders, beaters, or in any other capacity connected with sport. At a time such as this every sportsman should be prepared to carry his game, work his dogs, clean his guns, and give any other help he can. Further, the disposal of the game ought to be well thought out beforehand. There are many hospitals for the wounded at which it would be a welcome present, and in other cases it would be quite proper to sell the game and, if the proprietor felt so disposed, give the proceeds to one of the many admirable institutions now urgently in need of funds. A point of minor importance is that the supply of rabbits this year is extraordinarily large in many parts of the country, the reason being the difficulty of engaging suitable rabbit catchers and the general paucity of men on the farms. These animals, when in too great numbers, consume large quantities of food, and it is well known that nothing conduces more to their health and prosperity than to be rigorously killed down once a year or so. If this is not done, disaster comes upon them in other ways.

THE glories of the Star and Garter Hotel at Richmond have long been in the way of fading, but "the end is aye the best," and the final use to which this famous hostelry is to be put is eminently worthy of its traditions. The inn, which in the day and hour of its pride extended hospitality to celebrities of every degree, will in its last stage become the home of incapacitated soldiers. For so felicitous an ending, thanks are chiefly due to the Council of the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute. This body was the first to recognise that the Star and Garter was well fitted to become a model hospital. The idea was taken up with enthusiasm, with the result that a contract has been entered into for the purchase of the hotel for presentation to Her Majesty the Queen, who has intimated her willingness to receive the property and dedicate it to the use of paralysed soldiers under the care of the British Red Cross Society. For this purpose the building is admirably suited.

DWELLERS in the country are aware that this is turning out one of the very worst fly years on record. Houses are invaded by myriads of these troublesome and disease-carrying insects, and few people have any idea how to abate the nuisance. In town, flies can be dealt with much more easily, chiefly because sewage is intelligently treated, while in the country the manure heap is often very near the house. The farmer finds it convenient to be close to his stock, and thinks that his dwelling has the best aspect if it looks into the cattleyard. The inconveniences he does not quite realise, perhaps he has grown dull to them by long usage. But even he is awakening in these days to the fly peril, and he will no doubt read Professor Lefroy's article with close attention. In that case he will find that the treatment of manure is not by any means an expensive proceeding, as it involves only the purchase of either of two oils, which are obtainable at about a shilling a gallon from tar distilleries, gas works and wholesale chemists. The treatment does not injure the manure or prevent it from rotting. The experiments carried out showed that treated manure still retained its effectiveness for growing melons and other purposes.

THE name of Madame Osterberg, whose death took place recently, will ever be associated with the physical education of young Englishwomen. About thirty-five years ago she came to this country from Sweden and established at Dartford the famous college from which, since then, she has sent out highly trained young women teachers to spread the light of physical culture through all the chief women's colleges in the country. She was as much wrapped up in her vocation as the late Miss Dorothy Beale of Cheltenham, and almost her last act in life was to sign her name to a trust formed to carry on the work of the Dartford Physical Training College. About eighteen months ago she offered this institution to the Government, with the full approval and sympathy of her husband, Dr. Edwin Osterberg of Stockholm; but, according to the official statement, "it was found impracticable to accept the offer." This phrase has done service on so many occasions that the country might very well ask for a translation of it into terms less vague! However, Madame Osterberg made over the college to a trust, with the object of carrying it on for the national interest on its present lines. In this she followed the excellent example set by Miss Beale, who it will be remembered devoted the wealth accumulated in her lifetime to an endowment of the Ladies' College.

IN our Motor Notes this week a suggestion is made that deserves the fullest attention and discussion. It is that there should be direct prohibition of the importation of certain types of American cars. Such a proposal is bound to incur a certain amount of hostility in a country that has hitherto prided itself on the encouragement of Free Trade. But war has created an entirely new set of conditions and our action must be framed to meet them. The military authorities would have been at a loss to conduct modern warfare successfully without motors and have found it necessary to utilise the plant of the great manufacturers for munition work. These circumstances render special treatment imperative. Even now, no tendency is evinced to interfere with the legitimate competition which the American manufacturer engaged in before the war, but only to check the efforts of certain companies who are seeking to take an undue advantage of the military situation. No other country in the world would hesitate to prohibit the invasion of the motor trade by firms which never attempted to establish business with England until their English competitors were crippled by needs arising out of the war.

#### FROM SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

"C'up, c'up, c'up!" you'll be calling up along  
Over to Rockleigh with Broad-horn and May.  
Think of me, friend, when you drive them down the  
cart track,  
Switching as you stride in the ruts all blown with hay.  
"Bounce! Bounce! Bounce!" you'll be hissing in  
the spinney  
When he starts the rabbits down the vale.  
Think well of me when you're milking in the linhay,  
And the first jets go drumming on the pail.  
"Lap, lap, lap!" you'll be drinking moory water  
Spattering from the wall among the fern.  
Think, as you kneel, it's a wishing well you're over,  
And dream how you'd like the old days to return.

C.

IN publishing a supplement devoted to the poetry that had previously appeared in its pages during the war, the *Times* made a very interesting experiment. It is a Continental reproach sometimes directed against British newspapers that they are too practical. Their chief interest lies in figures and matters of fact: imagination and idealism are very strictly repressed in their pages. So far then, it was an admirable idea to present the public with sixteen pages of verse written about the war. We say "verse" because the most indulgent critic would scarcely apply the word "poetry" to any but a single poem in the collection. This, needless to say, is Mr. Thomas Hardy's "What of the faith and fire within us." It is melancholy and not very inspiring, but it is the work of an original mind. Mr. Robert Bridges could on any conceivable subject write as well as he did on "Wake up, England." The inspiration did not, however, lead him to produce of his very best. Mr. William Watson, in spite of the laughter which the line excited, still has "bit them in the Bight"; but our memory is that he wrote something finer than that about the war. Probably after the lapse of a year or two the theme will appeal to genius and we shall have something to place beside the great battle poems.

IF asked what these were, it might take a little time to answer. Mr. Swinburne held that the battle piece in "Marmion" was unexcelled even in Homer. Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" was deaved into us so much in youth that he himself expected that it would look hackneyed in the eyes of the newborn babe of the twentieth century. His "Revenge" makes a greater claim on immortality. One disadvantage under which the contemporary bards lay was that all the poetry of the past described a kind of fighting which has been made obsolete during our day. There is much romance in the deeds performed in the air or on the water, with and against shell fire, or in the other critical moments prepared by modern warfare; but the tradition has been established of singing only deeds of derring-do. The spirit that led to the performance of these is as quick and valiant as ever, but unfortunately many of the saddest episodes in the Great War occurred when the finest, and most gallant, of our young men rode into battle with joyous smiles and jests upon their lips, only to be met with the deadly fire of machine guns. Even in that there is poetry, but the discoverer of it is yet to seek.

# WHAT YORKSHIRE HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.

## II.—THE WEST RIDING.



Lafayette.

CAPTAIN THE LATE C. MEYSEY THOMPSON.



Copyright.

Elliott and Fry.

MAJOR C. A. L. YATE, V.C.

Who died in Germany.



Copyright.

H. Walter Barnett.

LIEUT. R. J. LUMLEY.

Killed last October.

OF the West Riding of the largest county in England, and one of the most thickly peopled, with its towns and cities such as Sheffield, Leeds, Rotherham, and Wakefield, the record is necessarily a long one; the business of organisation most arduous. All classes have given of their time and labour, from the Lord-Lieutenant to the "tough and hardy people—the hardest to drive in the world, and the easiest to lead. In these grey cities, confronting a war which came to them as a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky, they became deliberately convinced that by no honourable means could this war be avoided. They settled down with quiet, unyielding determination to see it through." The old regiments that have their recruiting ground in the Riding have given a good account of themselves, and with these in France has been since the spring a complete West Yorkshire Division, behind this again a second division is in training, behind this again is a third line of reserve in the making.

Of the line regiments associated with York and the West Riding, the 2nd West Riding Regiment and the 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry were both at Mons, in General Cutlbert's 13th Brigade in the 5th Division of the Second Army Corps. Entrenched by the Mons-Condé canal, "our lads stuck it well; we kept them back; you could see them falling like skittles," wrote a man of the Yorkshire Light Infantry. The attacks all day against the bridges were sharp, but before the Yorkshire Light Infantry fell back, the bridge they were defending was blown up to delay the enemy. By the night of the 25th, the 2nd Army had reached Le Cateau, where the Yorkshire Light Infantry had the task of holding their ground and covering the retirement, and suffered heavily, falling "like corn before the reaper," in the words of one who fought in the hastily scooped trenches. Two companies held on to their trenches, when they had spent all their ammunition, and then the few survivors, led by Major Charles Yate, charged with fixed bayonets against

the enemy. He was picked up severely wounded and died in Germany, one of the first few who received the Victoria Cross. Lance-Corporal Holmes of this battalion showed the highest gallantry in carrying wounded men out of the trenches under fire. Their losses were almost the heaviest of the early months of the war; about six hundred were missing, killed or wounded, among them eleven officers, including Lieutenant-Colonel Bond. To this small remnant of a fine regiment General Fergusson said he could not recommend anyone in particular for bravery because he would have to mention the whole battalion by name.

The tale of the campaign is taken up by the 1st West Yorkshire Regiment, which came out with the 6th Division from England and joined Sir John French on September 16th. The West Yorkshires were brigaded with the East Yorkshires

and Sherwood Foresters and Durham Light Infantry, under Brigadier-General Congreve. In a few days this battalion was almost swept away, on an advance of about 200yds. to the German trenches; but the enemy had the range exactly and the men were "mowed down like sheep" as soon as they moved. At roll call but 206 men answered, out of the 1,200 who had left the shores of England in September.

In spite of these losses, the record of the work of the West Yorkshire regiment is unbroken. The 2nd West Yorks in the 23rd Brigade, with the Devons, Scottish Rifles and Middlesex Regiment, took part in the capture of Neuve Chapelle in the morning of March 10th. The attack was launched "from a short piece of the Rue Tilloy, a bare, ugly highway," where, with the other three regiments, the West Yorks were gathered. Though the left of the brigade was held up in front of the enemy's wire, the progress of the 25th Brigade into Neuve Chapelle turned the southern flank of the German defences, and the 23rd Brigade were able to move forward. The West Yorkshires on the second day were in support



CORPORAL HOLMES, V.C.

Who rescued wounded men under heavy fire.

trenches, under a hot shell fire, and again in the firing line on the fourth day, and not until the fifth day did they get a well earned rest. The Military Cross was given to Lieutenant Rutledge for helping the wounded when his company were moving forward under heavy fire.

The 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry and 2nd West Riding Regiment, which had fought together at Le Cateau, and in the battle for Ypres, were again to the fore in the capture of the low ridge known as Hill 60. On the night of April 17th this ridge had been taken by the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the West Kent Regiment, who held it through a long night bombardment. On the 18th they were relieved by the West Riding Regiment and the Yorkshire Light Infantry, who stormed the hill and drove off the enemy.

"Our men," in Sir John French's words to the 13th and 14th brigades, "showed them what British soldiers can do. With equal tenacity and courage, for thirty-six hours they held that hill, and again threw back those attacks with tremendous losses to the enemy; then came their turn to be relieved, then came the Bedfordshire and East Surrey Regiments. Again the same old story once more. Whenever you see British battalions, they are doing the same thing; there was the same fire and deadly losses to the enemy." In the West Riding regiment, one company lost all its officers and men in crossing about twenty-five yards; but yet they moved forward, and about fifty men reached their goal.

Where so many Yorkshiremen have given their services to the cause it is only possible to mention the names of a few, such as Lord Harewood, the president of the vast organisation of the West Riding County Association, Lord Scarbrough, its chairman, who has been untiring and unsparing in his efforts, General Mends and his Staff, and the committee, which includes many influential Yorkshiremen. The West Riding is a place of sudden contrasts, for on its great expanse are included both the solitary green fells of the northern promontory where it juts out between the North Riding and North Lancashire, the plains of the south-east and the district of mills and mines, in which Wakefield, Barnsley, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford and Huddersfield and Halifax stand out, like knots in the meshes of a vast web, and it is most convenient to group the names of those Yorkshire landowners who are serving around these local centres.

In the extreme southern limit of the Riding, near Sheffield, Lord Wharfedale's son, Lord Carlton, is a lieutenant in the 2nd Life Guards, while the Hon. Montagu Stuart Wortley is in command of the North Midland division at the front.

Lord Scarbrough, the head of the house of Lumley, has lost his nephew, the son of Major-General the Hon. Osbert Lumley, who is now in command of a brigade. Richard Lumley, who joined the 11th Hussars, his father's old regiment, early last year, fell in October, a keen soldier with a fine future before him. Lord Fitzwilliam, the head of one of the oldest Yorkshire families, is in command of the West Riding Horse Artillery; and Sir Charles Fitzwilliam's son, Mr. Eric Spencer Fitzwilliam, is in the Army Service Corps. In the district about Doncaster, Lieutenant Oswald Anne, son of Major Anne of Burghwallis Hall, is in the Royal Artillery. Captain W. Warde-Aldam of Frickley Hall has been mentioned in despatches, and Mr. J. R. S. Warde-Aldam holds a commission in the Yorkshire Dragoons. Lieutenant Redvers Bewicke-Copley, the eldest son of Brigadier-General Bewicke-Copley of Sprotborough Hall has been wounded. On the eastern angle of the Riding, near the meeting of the Aire and the Ouse, Captain Ralph Creyke of Rawcliffe Hall, who was in the Scots Guards, is an interpreter on the Headquarters Staff at the front, while his brother, Mr. E. R. Creyke, holds a commission in the 5th Battalion of the Yorkshire Light Infantry.

Many Yorkshiremen in the Tadcaster district are serving, among them Captain J. M. Dawson of Brook Hall, who is in the 3rd Battalion of the West Yorkshire Regiment; Captain John Fielden of Grimston Park, who has been invalided home from the front and is now in the 5th Reserve Regiment of Cavalry. Major George Lane-Fox of Bramham has been wounded, but is now again with his regiment, the Yorkshire Hussars at the front; and Second Lieutenant Hugh Brooksbank, who was serving in the Yorkshire Regiment, the third son of Mr. E. C. Brooksbank of Healaugh Old Hall, has died of wounds. His brother, Mr. Stanley Brooksbank, is in the Yorkshire Regiment's special reserve.

Of the Milner family, which was long connected with Nun Appleton, on the Wharfe, Major E. Milner of the 10th King's Royal Rifle Corps and Brigadier-General G. F. Milner are doing remount work. Lieutenant-Colonel Brian Fairfax, brother of Mr. Guy Fairfax of Bilborough Hall, is in command of the 17th Battalion of the King's Liverpool Regiment, and Captain Edward York of Hutton Hall is in the Royal

Dragoons. Sir Savile Crossley, who is well known in Halifax, has been engaged in Red Cross work in France, while his eldest son, Lieutenant Frank Crossley of the 9th Lancers, was wounded in the October battle for Ypres, and is a prisoner of war. In the Wakefield district, Colonel Sir Thomas Pilkington of Chevet Park is in command of the 14th Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles; Lord St. Oswald's eldest son, the Hon. Rowland Winn, who has been at the front with the 2nd Coldstream Guards, has been wounded; and Mr. Charles F. Lee, son of Major Lee of Grove Hall, Knottingley, is in the Flying Corps.

In the Leeds district, Sir Charles Lowther of Swillington House is major in the Northamptonshire Yeomanry. Mr. Armitage Ledgard of Thorner Manor House has lost one son, Lieutenant Frank Ledgard of the Yorkshire Regiment, who was killed in action when in command of his machine-gun section; while Captain R. S. Ledgard of the same regiment is a prisoner of war. When the Leeds Rifles were formed in 1859, among the earliest to join were Lord Allerton—then Mr. W. L. Jackson—and Mr. James Kitson, afterwards Lord Airedale, who joined as a private. At the present day, the Hon. F. S. Jackson is in command of one battalion, and the Hon. Rowland Kitson, the youngest son of the late Lord Airedale, also holds a commission in this regiment. The Hon. Edward Wood of Temple Newsam is major in the Yorkshire Dragoons; the Hon. John Savile and the Hon. George Savile are doing remount work.

Near Huddersfield, Mr. Cecil Lister-Kaye's son, Mr. Kenelm Lister-Kaye, is serving in the 3rd Battalion of the West Yorkshire Regiment; and Lieutenant-Colonel Brook of Meltham is in command of the second line of the Yorkshire Dragoons. Lieutenant-Colonel Armytage, brother of Sir George Armytage of Kirklees Park, has a son serving, and is himself working in the Army Pay Department. Lord Grimthorpe's son, the Hon. Ralph Beckett, holds a commission in the Yorkshire Hussars, and the Hon. Gervase Beckett on the Headquarters Staff at York.

Following the lower reaches of the Nidd after it has left Nidderdale, Major William Henry Ingilby of Ripley is in command of the Guards depot at Caterham, and Major John Ingilby in the 3rd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders. Major W. F. Collins of Knaresborough House is second in command of the Scots Greys. Lieutenant Algernon Lamb, son of Mr. W. Lamb of Goldsborough Hall, who went to the front with the Queen's Bays last August, has won the D.S.O., and the Croix de Chevalier from the French Government, by his cool, skilful management of his machine-gun section against an enemy attack. Lieutenant-Colonel Stanyforth of Kirkhammerton Hall, of the Yorkshire Hussars, is a military member of the West Riding Territorial Association.

Near Harrogate, as a centre, Lord Harewood, the head of the powerful family of Lascelles, has two sons serving, the eldest, Lord Lascelles, in the Yorkshire Hussars, the second son, the Hon. Edward Lascelles, in the Rifle Brigade. Mr. F. H. Fawkes of Farnley Hall is a major in the Yorkshire Hussars and has lent a portion of his estate at Otley for the training of the miners' battalion of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. To the east district of the Riding, near Skipton, Sir Matthew Wilson's two brothers are serving in the Navy, while he has been promoted from the retired list of the 10th Hussars to be colonel of the Middlesex Hussars. Major Frederick William Wormald, son of the late Mr. John Wormald of Denton Park, near Ilkley, who served in Egypt and South Africa with distinction, is in the 8th Hussars.

On the northernmost boundary between the West and the North Riding, the Ure, Captain A. E. Cathcart, who fell in the early days of the campaign, was one of the three sons of the late Colonel the Hon. A. M. Cathcart of Mowbray House, near Ripon, who all served in the South African War, in which the youngest laid down his life; Major Adrian Cathcart is now serving in the 9th Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Captain V. J. Greenwood, son of Captain Greenwood of Swarcliffe, near Boroughbridge, is in the 10th Hussars, and Mr. Wilmot Smith of Boroughbridge Hall has two sons serving—Mr. C. W. Wilmot Smith in the Yorkshire Hussars, and Mr. Andrew Wilmot Smith in the Navy. Mr. Bernard Hutton-Croft of Aldborough Hall, who was on the reserve of officers, is captain in the Grenadier Guards, and just over the boundary line of the Ure, though actually in the North Riding, Major Miles Stapyllton of Myton is doing remount work. Following the Ure to Great Ouseburn, Lord Knaresborough has lost his only son, the Hon. Claude Meysey-Thompson; while Colonel Meysey-Thompson has been doing yeoman service in raising field artillery both in Staffordshire and Yorkshire. This record is not, of course, complete, but may serve as an indication of the spirit of a county of England. M. J.

# PENGUINS OF SOUTH GEORGIA.—I.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY, BROOKLYN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

THE territory of the Little People of the Antarctic has lately been subjected to so many friendly invasions that we are beginning to feel fairly well acquainted with a number of their tribes. First in entertaining word pictures, then in photographs, and finally in the beauty and realism of the cinematograph film, we have been shown something of the life histories of the jolly little Adélie Penguin, the stately Emperor, and several others.

Owing to the recent interest in exploration and discovery upon the south polar continent itself, the penguins inhabiting these uttermost shores have been studied somewhat to the exclusion of species equally interesting, and longer known to man, which dwell outside the Antarctic Circle, and make their homes upon the chain of desolate Sub-antarctic islands. During the Brooklyn Museum's recent expedition to South Georgia, which lies within the ice-fields of the South Atlantic, two species of penguins were intimately encountered—the magnificent King Penguin (*Aptenodytes patagonica*) and the companionable little Johnny Penguin (*Pygoscelis papua*). The former are dignified, imposing birds, standing a yard high, contented with their own society and indifferent towards other creatures. As a badge of aristocracy they wear gleaming gold collars round their necks. The Johnny Penguins, on the other hand, are roly-poly and plebeian, interested in everybody, and quite like small boys. The two species live on the same territory and follow the same vocation of deep-sea fishers, yet their society is inviolably distinct.

We first met the Johnny Penguins on the southward voyage, in latitude 43° S., on November 15, 1912. Cold westerly winds had raised a heavy swell on this day, and just before nightfall penguins began to pass the ship in couples or small groups. They remained below the water most of the time, but their braying calls frequently attracted attention to sleek heads and upright tails, the only visible parts of

the birds at the surface. From time to time a few more were seen before we entered Cumberland Bay, South Georgia, on November 24th.

Some of the Johnny Penguin rookeries at South Georgia were on low ground near the sea, but the largest rookery that we discovered, comprising between four and five thousand birds, was distributed over knolls and ridges behind a great moraine beach at the Bay of Isles. The site is bounded by two glaciers, so that it can be reached only from the bay. In 1912-13 the penguin settlements, beginning half a mile from the water front, extended inland and up the hills to a height of about six hundred feet. As long as young penguins were on this nesting ground, processions of adults might at all times be seen coming and going between the high land and the sea. The birds met and passed each other without a visible sign of recognition, each trundling gravely along on its own business. A broad thoroughfare had been stamped across the moraine, worn down doubtless through generations by the pattering of little leathery feet, and deeply grooved sinuous avenues extended up the long snow bank to the highest portions of the colony.

This type of rookery is common at South Georgia wherever high land is at all accessible. No matter how much available territory there may be near the water, no matter how wearisome the scramble up the hillsides, a certain proportion of the members of each colony selects the summits of the windy, shelterless ridges for their homes. Why should marine birds which lack altogether the power of flight, and which are at best indifferent walkers, prefer to make the period of propagation difficult for themselves by retreating as far as possible from their only source of food?

A consideration of the history of South Georgia may help in an interpretation of the strange instinct which drives the Johnny Penguins to nest among the hills. The island is small, but its glaciers are as mighty as those of Spitzbergen, and there is ample evidence that it was formerly completely



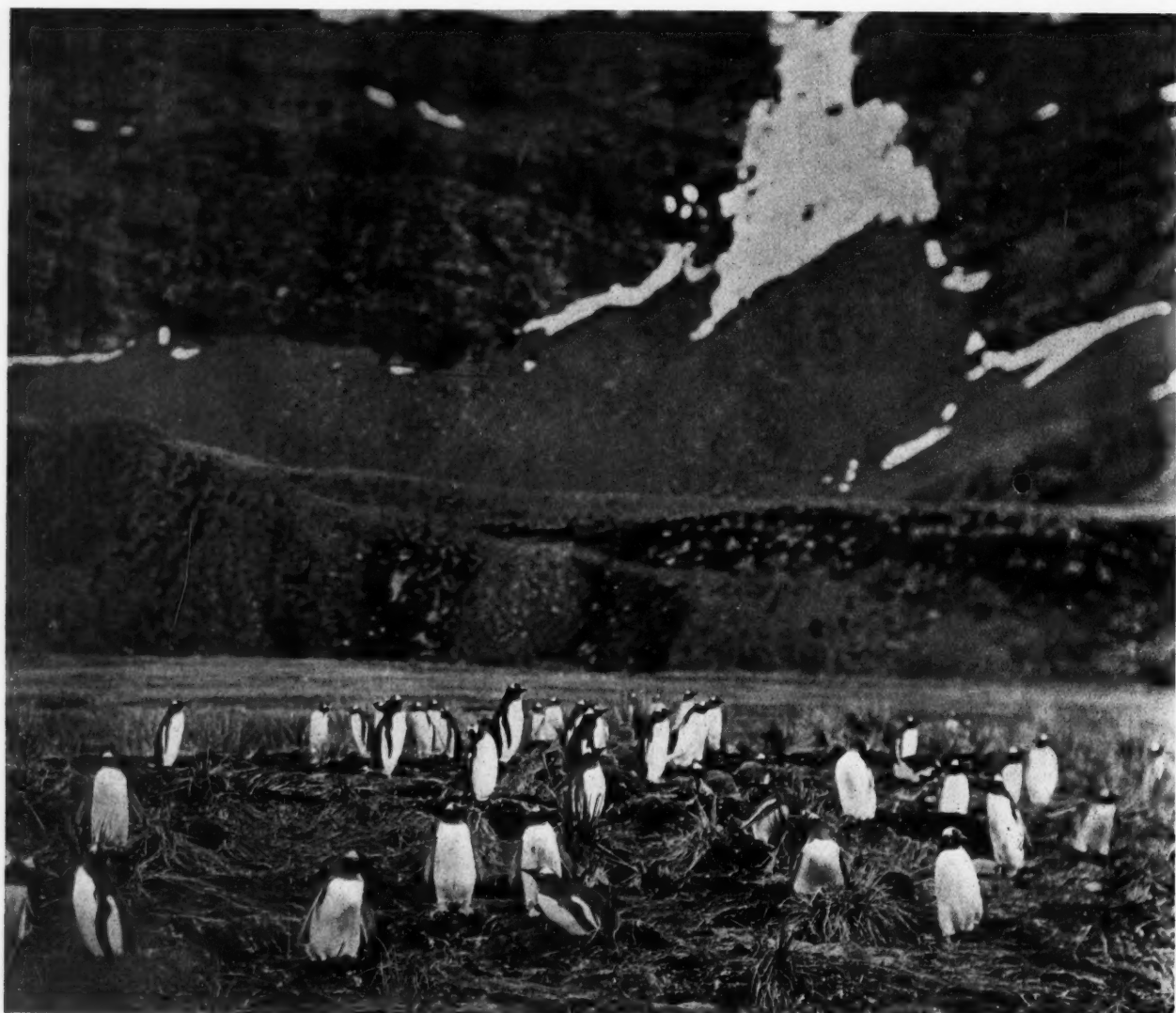
A MOTHER JOHNNY PENGUIN WITH ONE UNHATCHED EGG AND A TWO DAY OLD CHICK.



STARTING FOR SEA: A SCENE IN THE ROOKERY.

buried by an ice-cap. The interior, which rises to an altitude of more than six thousand feet, is no longer ice clad, excepting on the peaks, but it is covered with an everlasting névé of the Alpine type. This consolidates at the sources of all the valleys to form tongues of ice, most of which extend clear into the sea, ending in abrupt walls. Since most of the fiords have been carved out by former extensions of the valley glaciers, the coast is almost beachless, the few areas of low, flat land being terminal moraines or beds of moribund or

extinct glaciers. Even now, with the fluctuating seasons, the glaciers sometimes advance their fronts and flanks over considerable ground once abandoned, but, in general, glaciation is on the wane, and an appreciable decline has taken place even within a century. From such a condition it may be assumed that for a long period following the last ice-cap very little territory suitable for breeding purposes was exposed. Whatever bare earth existed must have been found along the ridges which separated the ice-filled valleys. During



JOHNNY PENGUINS AT NESTING TIME.

such a period these small penguins may have developed the trait which still leads them to seek lofty places for their nests. The fact that South Georgia was formerly the home of a far more abundant fauna than at present would have tended to fix the "mountaineering" instinct, for animals obtaining their sustenance only in the sea would have a tendency to increase more rapidly than the proportionate area of the beaches, and through sheer overflow of population many birds would be forced to content themselves with a less accessible ground, leaving the shores to great herds of summering seals, and the adjacent nesting sites to powerful rivals such as the King Penguins.

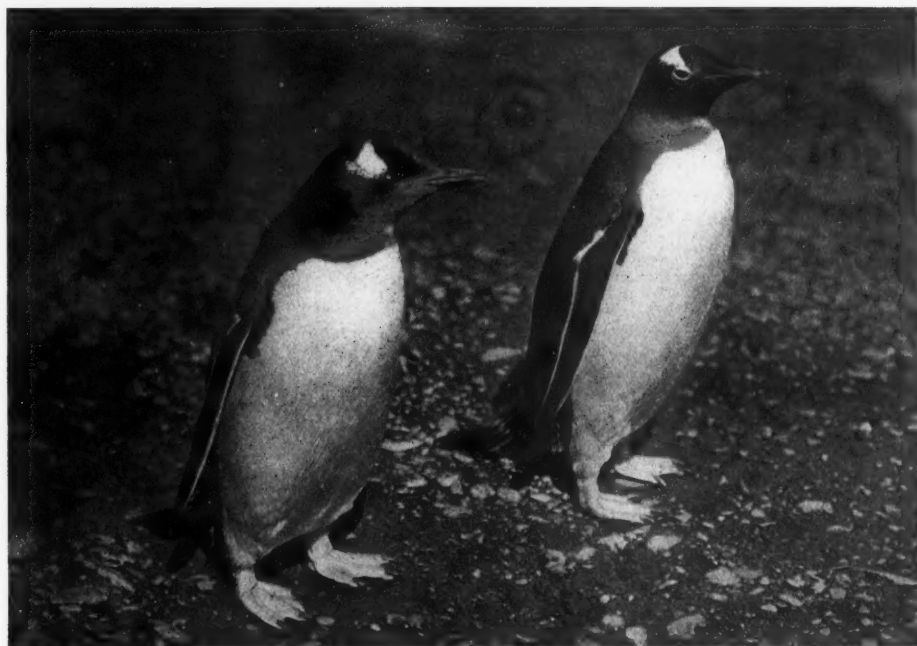
The faith which the Johnny Penguins hold in the protectiveness of high land is strangely shown by their habit of running *away* from the water whenever danger threatens. Their terrible marine enemy, the sea leopard, a large carnivorous seal, has fixed within them an instinct which



A PROUD PARENT AND ITS CHICKS ON THE NEST.



THE BARE "BROOD-SPOT" OF A JOHNNY PENGUIN, WHICH IS STANDING OVER ITS NEST.



A CONFIDENTIAL PAIR WHICH FOLLOWED ME ABOUT AT THE BAY OF ISLES.

urges them to seek safety only on *terra firma*. Consequently they do not govern their acts according to their perceptions. Time and again I have seen a group of them standing at the water's edge when a fox terrier, brought ashore from the vessel, started towards them at a run. If the penguins deigned to show any fear at the approach of the barking dog they invariably responded not by taking to the water, where they would have been rid immediately of the tormentor, but by deliberately running *up* the beach, heading for the nearest bank or hillside. Even after the dog had seized a penguin by its bristly tail and had swung it round and round merely for the fun of teasing, the poor dazed victim would still persist in scampering away from the water. I myself often found that the surest way to keep penguins ashore was to try to drive them into the sea.

The antiquity of the hill-climbing instinct among the Johnny Penguins is finally attested by a strange and romantic phenomenon, namely, that the penguins go back to the seclusion of the heights to die. In a hollow at the summit of the coast range south of the Bay of Isles lies a clear lake on a bed of ice-cracked stones. This transparent pool, formed entirely of snow water, with a maximum depth of twelve or fifteen feet, is a penguin graveyard. In January, 1913, I found its bottom thickly strewn with the bodies of penguins which had outlived the perils of the sea and had apparently accomplished the rare feat among wild animals of dying a natural death. They lay by scores all over the stony bed of the pool, mostly on their backs with pinions outstretched, their breasts reflecting gleams of

white from the deeper water. Safe from sea leopards in the ocean and from skuas ashore, they took their last rest. For months, perhaps years, they would undergo no bodily change in their frigid graves.

The nests of the Johnny Penguins are more or less bulky mounds of humus and wisps of tussock grass or seaweed, usually, though not always, on a foundation of small stones. Sometimes the floor of the nest is lined with a mosaic of pebbles on which the eggs rest. Nests on the hilltops are smaller than most of those on low ground, doubtless because of scarcity of materials in the former situations.

Both parents incubate, relieving each other at intervals of several days. The change is made quickly, so that the eggs are never exposed more than momentarily. On the lower belly of the sitting birds is a narrow, longitudinal area of bare skin, scarcely discernible on a dead penguin, but capable of being spread by voluntary muscles. This warm, vascular brood-patch is applied directly to the two eggs which lie one before the other under the bird. After the eggs have cracked it still remains a serious proposition for the young Johnny Penguins, which are extraordinarily



A JOHNNY PENGUIN ABOUT TO RELIEVE HIS MATE.

feeble during the first few days of life, to work their way out of their thick-shelled prisons.

The nesting Johnnies are generally timid, scampering off at the approach of a man, but never retreating more than a few paces. A small proportion of them stand their ground on the nests and show

fight, employing as weapons both bill and wings. With the latter they can strike rapid and forceful blows.

On one occasion a bird, which I had roused from sleep, attacked me and beat such a furious tattoo upon my leather leggings that its own pinions were soon bleeding. When a brooding penguin is driven away from young nestlings it lingers near by, trumpeting loudly until the disturbance is over; then it examines its offspring very minutely, stooping down near-sightedly, and scrutinising one and the other over and over again. When satisfied that all is well, it settles down contentedly. The incubating birds turn about in their nests so as to keep their bills pointed toward the skua gulls, their terrestrial enemies, which walk about the rookeries with evil purpose and wait patiently hour after hour for a chance to steal an egg. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety for the penguins. The sitters hiss



YOUNG JOHNNIES IN THE TUSOCK GRASS, A GLACIER IN THE BACKGROUND.

sharply whenever a skua draws near, and the free penguins make angry but vain rushes at the common enemy.

Besides the hiss of wrath, the Johnny Penguins have a variety of louder calls. The ordinary trumpeting note sounds like the noise of a tin horn or the braying of an ass; the sound is double, being produced by both expiration and inspiration, and is accompanied by a rising and falling of the lower throat. The voice is pitched in a much lower key than that of the King Penguin. Usually the head is pointed upward while the penguin trumpets. The mouth is held wide open, with the spiny tongue showing, and the expelled breath condenses into clouds of vapour. The trumpeting is often repeated many times without interruption, and under excitement the birds' whole bodily energy seems to be put into the call. Another note is a short, single "caw," which they are apt to utter as soon as they emerge from the sea. This call sounds like a hail from one man to another, and the human suggestion is enhanced by the penguins' habit of waving their flippers as if beckoning. The weak trumpeting of nestling Johnnies have a peevish, scolding quality, even hysterical at times. The youngsters have also a soft, peeping note, indicative of well fed contentment.

On December 23rd the large rookery at the Bay of Isles, which had not been disturbed by human beings, contained plenty of young penguins, the oldest of which seemed to be half grown. Some of the nests held one egg and one chick, and among the further advanced families there was a great difference in the size of the two chicks due to the discrepancy in their dates of hatching, which sometimes amounted to four days. Not infrequently the senior chick was fully twice as large as its nest-mate. Nests which contained nothing but one youngster were also very numerous; doubtless the skuas, which were ever eyeing the rookery from points of vantage round about, had accounted for the other.

The youngsters are fed from the crops of the old birds and grow very rapidly, early development showing especially in the abdominal part of the body. Within three or four days of hatching the chicks become veritably anchored in the nest by the weight of their corpulent bellies, which seem out of all proportion to the puny neck and wings and the soft, insufficient legs. Within these distended stomachs I found disintegrated crustaceans, small cuttlefish beaks and pebbles.

By the middle of January the young were mostly two-thirds grown, and their incessant chattering could be heard a long way from the rookeries. The older youngsters walked about in an uncertain, wobbly fashion, tagging after their fathers and mothers and trumpeting nervously when left too far behind. When I walked among the nests, all but the youngest chicks left them and herded together. The brooding adults, too, rushed away, but a few squeaks from the abandoned little ones usually brought them back, scampering hither and thither and swinging their wings frantically. If the youngsters happened to be old enough to walk, the parents coaxed them along by giving small tastes of food, with promises of more, but in hysterical fashion they would soon forget to wait for their feeble babies, and would have to be called back repeatedly.

By the end of January all but a very few of the young penguins, still clad in the softest of grey and white "fur," had permanently deserted the nests and had congregated by themselves, but always under the guard of adult nurses. In fine weather they might be seen sunning themselves on the snow banks, and at other times crouching from the wind in sheltered hollows. Some of them were as large as the adults, but they were still dependent for their food, and they had not yet been to the seashore. I often saw them pleading to be fed when the old birds evidently did not wish to gratify them. Such begging youngsters ran about after the adults, following every dodge and turn, continually bumping into them and stepping on their tails, until the harassed adults gave up in despair. The young ones would then press closely against the provider, open their little bills expectantly, and lose nothing of the regurgitated meal.

About February 1st most of the young Johnnies begin moulting their down, thus exposing the adult plumage feathers which have grown out beneath. The down is shed in sheets and patches; the process resembles the peeling of the velvet from a deer's horn. By the middle of February, or toward the close of the moulting period, clinging tufts, collars, or top-knots of down give the otherwise smooth young penguins the appearance of clowns and pierrots. The last of the down to go is that on the head, neck, and shoulders. When the change has been completed the youngsters are

distinguishable from their elders only by their sleeker appearance, short tails, pale feet, small, light-coloured bills, and voices which are unmistakably childish. At this age they still remain together in bands, and spend a good deal of the day in sleeping. They are, however, quite as inquisitive as the old birds. Until the end of February or later they are dependent for their food, and they are fed at least partially by regurgitation up to the middle of March.

On March 12th, at a rookery on the west shore of Possession Bay, I saw many fully grown young penguins following the old birds and demanding food. One youngster chased a sorry-looking adult to the water's edge, where the latter turned and proceeded to pump up a meal. After a few moments, however, this persecuted parent, or foster parent, tore away, plunged under a breaking wave and was lost to view. The insatiable young penguin followed it into the surf, but came out again discomfited within a few seconds.

The moult of the nestling Johnny Penguins is succeeded closely by the annual moult of the adults. Toward the end of February the feathers of the latter, already much faded and frayed, begin to drop out, further to litter up the ground of the rookeries, which have become evil smelling and filthy from the surface mixture of mud, decaying tussock grass, down feathers, and dead nestlings. The moulting season of the adults seems to endure all through the Antarctic summer, the plumage coming off in patches. A period of several days intervenes between the loss of the contour feathers and of the long, stiff tail feathers. On March 12th I observed that a few of the adults had not yet begun to doff their old coats, which were brown, rough, and threadbare. Many more, the majority of the birds, in fact, were in the throes of the process and were exceedingly ragged, the new plumage showing in spots. Still others had completed the moult of the old body feathers, but still retained their long tails, while the most advanced birds had lost all their feathers, including the tail, a temporary loss which gave them a more dumpy outline than ever; for appearance sake a Johnny can ill afford to be without its luxuriant caudal bristles.

The Johnny Penguin has not in any degree the fearless and courageous disposition of its Antarctic cousin, the Adélie Penguin. Bands of Johnnies along the beaches are prone to take alarm if a man appears suddenly among them. The most successful course of action is to approach them slowly, halting at a discreet distance and so inviting the penguins to take the initiative. They have a large bump of curiosity and will presently push the acquaintance, their familiarity increasing in direct proportion to the quietness and seeming indifference of the observer. A description taken from my notes of December 23rd, 1912, is characteristic. On the afternoon of this day I walked to a glacial pond, on the far side of which stood a group of Johnny Penguins. As soon as they saw me one of their number swam across under water and walked toward me. I remained motionless until it came up quite to my feet and stood there. When I moved quietly it followed, and when I stopped it did likewise. Then, one by one, it was joined by the other penguins from across the pond. It was whimsical to see this troop of mimicking small brothers with no other wish than to keep me company. I finally broke the spell by stooping to pat one on the head.

On March 12th I rowed ashore during a brisk snow-storm and found a whole army of penguins near the Possession Bay rookery before mentioned. They were standing by hundreds in a long double row along the beach. These rows marched forward to meet and surround me, and their numbers were continually augmented by new arrivals which kept popping out of the surf and came running up the shingle as if much astonished to find me there.

The amusing, myopic curiosity of the Johnny Penguins is illustrated by the furtive way in which they inspect any striking or unfamiliar object. They pick up odd bits of kelp, bleached bones, and other rubbish, carrying them for short distances, and I have seen a band of them walking around and around the fresh carcass of a seal, pecking at it with their bills.

The free penguins, *i.e.* those not incubating or brooding, spend much time sleeping, particularly on sunny days. They have two resting positions: one sitting bolt upright with the head turned behind the shoulder and the bill tucked under the axilla; the other lying flat on the breast with the feet bent forward among the feathers, the wings pressed against the sides, and the head drawn snugly back. The upright position is commonly maintained during a daytime doze, but birds discovered along the beaches after dark were always found to be sleeping upon their bellies.

(To be continued.)

# LABRADORS FOR SPORT AND SHOW.

BY A. CROXTON SMITH.

**W**AS it not Horace who said, "The ox wishes for the horse's trappings, the lazy nag wishes to plough"? This somewhat expresses my feelings in writing about any breed of dog that is particularly meritorious, and were inclination to prevail without countervailing counsels of prudence my kennels would be stocked with a mixed assortment of animals that would give unlimited pleasure, but would prove a bit costly in these hard times. A few years ago, except for his unquestionable qualifications as a worker, the Labrador did not appeal to me. He looked a commoner in spite of all the allowances made for him in virtue of his uses as a retriever. "You must either eat the flesh of a turtle or not eat it." There could be no half measures. Taken sparingly, those remarkable old people who manufactured our proverbs for us declared, turtle flesh was disturbing to the digestion; eaten freely it was wholesome. All honour to those who took the Labrador boldly; their daring has met with ample reward. The lack of distinction that characterised those first exhibited has disappeared, a sensible-looking, cleanly built, sturdy animal having been produced, every bit as trustworthy in the field as his predecessors.

Among those to whom great credit is due is Mr. Thomas W. Twyford of Whitmore Hall, Newcastle, Staffordshire, who, setting out with clearly defined views, like all resolute men, has made a distinct impression. In the early stages the so-called Labrador was generally a freak or deformity, though showing good qualities as a working dog. Now, in Mr. Twyford's opinion, there has been a great improvement in them generally, whether as exhibition or working dogs. Until quite recently, with the exception of a few kennels, any flat, smooth coated black dog with a chubby head and on short legs, not necessarily straight, and a big body would be called a Labrador. Now one may see twenty dogs at a show all of a type, standing well up on perfect legs and feet, straight shoulders and good, long, strong, powerful heads with dark eyes, who are a perfect pleasure to look upon, and this stamp is day by day becoming more plentiful. Whereas at one time the majority generally had a great amount of white on their chests and even on their feet, one seldom notices any white at all now. The light eyes, which were so unpleasant, have turned into a dark brown, some even approaching black. A proof of the remarkable improvement that has been effected is deducible from the considerable prices for which they are now being sold. Within the last twelve months sales have taken place at £100, £200, £250 up to £500. The famous Patron of Faskally was sold by Mr. Twyford for the last mentioned sum, while others have gone from his kennels

at amounts approaching £100. There are other "Whitmore" dogs that could not be purchased at any figure appreciably less than that paid for Patron. These facts in themselves are evidence of the increasing value of the breed both as working dogs and show dogs, especially the former.

For years Mr. Twyford was assured that he would spoil them by showing, but he undertook to prove that he could win field trials with high-class show dogs, and his opinion has been



A FINE LABRADOR HEAD (TRACKER OF WHITMORE).



T. Fall.

HEAD OF CH. TYPE OF WHITMORE.

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fully justified by events. Take the case of Champion Type of Whitmore, for instance, a dog described by Mr. F. C. Lowe as the most typical Labrador he had ever seen. With one exception he has been awarded the challenge certificate on each occasion that he has been exhibited (fourteen or fifteen times). Two years ago he crossed over to Ireland and was placed first in the Junior Dog Stakes at the Irish Retriever Society's trials after a truly brilliant performance. Champion Peter of Whitmore, whose recent death is a sad loss to the breed, was one of the finest field triallers that ever lived. He also won in the show

ring, where he could have piled up a long list of prizes if he had had more frequent opportunities given him. Speaking of this brace in his *Kennel Gazette* retrospect last year Lord Vivian said, "Any lover of the breed is bound to rejoice when two such specimens, in which looks and work combine, are qualified to run for the premier prize at trials." Then there is Tactful of Whitmore, the handsome home-bred son of Peter, who, in addition to winning at shows, was reserve in the Glenartney Stakes at the Drummond Castle trials in 1914. Mr. Twyford attributes the all-round improvement in the breed to a great extent to the Kennel Club rule insisting that a gun-dog cannot become a show-bench champion unless he has previously earned a prize or certificate at field trials. He makes it the wholesome rule that no dog of his is to be exhibited unless he gives promise of being a first class worker. Of course, as with all rules, there may occasionally be the necessity for an exception, owing to the difficulty of finding suitable out-crosses in a variety restricted in numbers. The tendency to cross with a flat-coated retriever has no sympathy from Mr. Twyford, who considers that if the practice becomes more general the consequences will be serious.

Many writers having spoken somewhat doubtfully about the tenderness of the Labrador's mouth, I asked Mr. Twyford if he would kindly give me his opinion upon the subject, and he says: "Why they have got this reputation is a mystery to me. I have had some hundreds, and I have never seen but one that I should call hard-mouthed. As a rule, I find them with absolutely perfect mouths, and naturally possessed of a great amount of sense—a sense that is shown in the fine expression of a Labrador. His expression to me is his great charm, and one of the features for which I look first when choosing a Labrador. It is a feature that ought to be maintained and cultivated as much as possible. I think them exceedingly amiable and good tempered." The hard-mouthed dog referred to was not one of the Whitmore strain, but an out-cross.

Before keeping Labradors Mr. Twyford was in the habit of using flat coated retrievers, which, however, he never exhibited. The strength of his kennel on the average



CH. TYPE OF WHITMORE, THE GREATEST LABRADOR OF HIS DAY.



TRACKER OF WHITMORE.



T. Fall.

CH. PETER OF WHITMORE.

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approaches fifty, the majority of which are broken at home by Cady, who appears in the pictures that we publish this week. These photographs, I think my readers will agree, are admirable examples of the photographic art. That of the great Champion Peter of Whitmore is the only one that does not quite do justice to the subject, the dog being made to appear shorter in the leg than he really was. In other respects his rare points are brought out well. His death while he was still in his prime will be much regretted, for, apart from his worth, whether in the field or on the bench, his value at stud must have



WAITING FOR DUCK.



RETRIEVING FROM WATER.



T. Fall.

LANDING.



A GOOD JUMP. Copyright.

been considerable, his sire being Peter of Faskally, the first dog seriously to challenge the popularity of Mr. Maurice Portal's Flapper as a sire. Nothing is likely to disturb the position in Labrador history assigned to Flapper by common consent, but there was just a danger at one time that too much reliance would be placed upon him to the exclusion of all others. Peter of Faskally brought in some new blood, being by Waterdale Gamester, who was by an unregistered dog named Spratt. I imagine that if pedigrees were extended back for forty or fifty years it would be found that in-breeding had been



STEADY WHILE "TONY" RETRIEVES.

carried on very extensively, the dominating influence apparently being attributable to Kielder (1872), a dog given by Sir R. Graham to the Earl of Verulam. Probably the Hon. A. Holland Hibbert's strain continues the lineage of the earliest importations more closely than any, Munden Single, for example, tracing back through the Duke of Buccleuch's kennels to the Earl of Malmesbury's Juno. The precise degree to which inbreeding may be pushed with safety has not yet been determined, but much doubtless depends upon the individuals used. As any constitutional weakness is emphasised by consanguinity, it follows that only the soundest animals should be bred from,

in which case loss of physique, deterioration in size, or highly strung nerves need not become apparent for many generations.

Field triallers are indebted to Mr. Twyford in more ways than one. Not only is he a consistent supporter of the principal meetings, but twice within the last few years he has organised most successful trials on his own estate, and last year he had them at Lilleshall, on a shooting he had taken from the Duke of Sutherland. On that occasion the All-aged Stake for thirteen dogs or bitches filled with twelve Labradors and one flat-coated retriever. So popular have the Whitmore trials become that everyone hopes they will form part of the annual programme in the future.



T. Fall.

THE WHITMORE LABRADORS.

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SINCE Roehampton House was finished for Thomas Cary about 1712, it has known some inhabitants who have filled a place in the public eye, but none to whom the nation owes such a passionate gratitude as to its present occupants. The war has already left in its cruel trail as many, probably, as four thousand soldiers lacking one or more limbs. For their help have been founded Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals, and one of them is established at Roehampton House. Of what this means in beneficent activity the tale is told on a later page, and this article is limited to describing the temporary home of these gallant cripples. Little can be

ascertained about Thomas Cary, who left less impress on his time than his architect, Thomas Archer. The latter was one of the men of the early eighteenth century who seem to have adopted architecture as a fit employment for a person of taste, rather than as a serious and absorbing profession. The son of Thomas Archer (an M.P. who sat for Warwick) and uncle of Lord Archer, the younger Thomas held the minor Court appointment of groom porter to Queen Anne and the first two Georges. The date of his birth is not recorded, but, as he was an old man when he died in 1743, he must have discovered his artistic vocation somewhat late in life. The earliest work attributed to him is Heythrop

in Oxfordshire, built about 1705. The next is the fine pavilion at the head of the long water at Wrest Park (1709), followed in 1710 by Roehampton House. Mr. Reginald Blomfield describes him as a pupil of Sir John Vanbrugh, and this is true, without implying that Archer followed any formal course of study under him. Vanbrugh only turned from his variegated career of soldiering, playwriting, and heraldry to pursue the Mistress Art a very few years sooner than Archer took the plunge. As years went by it is obvious that the smaller man fell more and more under the overpowering influence of the greater. The Church of St. John, Smith Square, Westminster, though not deserving all the abuse which has been heaped on it, cannot by any stretch be regarded as beautiful; but Archer did splendidly at Birmingham. That city, for all its wealth and importance, is deplorably poor in the matter of buildings; but Archer's tower of St. Philip's Church (now the cathedral), an original and beautiful conception showing both skill and feeling, is justly a source of great pride to the city. St. Philip's was built in the same



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THE ORIGINAL HOUSE: ENTRANCE FRONT.

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CENTRAL FEATURE OF GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

year as Roehampton House, 1710, St. John's, Westminster, not until 1721. The Vanbrugh influence is only slightly perceptible at Birmingham, but very marked at Westminster.

The plan of Roehampton House was published by Colin Campbell in *Vitruvius Britannicus*, and shows advanced pavilions, connected with the main block by quadrant arcades, which present convex faces to the forecourt. These occupied the same positions as the new pavilions lately added by Mr. Lutyens, but the curved walls designed by Archer to connect the pavilions with the entrance gate on Roehampton Lane have not been repeated. The house has received such scant attention from local historians that it is impossible to say whether the pavilions were ever built as originally designed. If so, they were demolished many years ago, a fate which has overtaken the outlying parts of many another house of the same type. Some foundations remained but not enough to establish the point. The most doubtful feature of the design, as shown in *Vitruvius*, is the clumsy and ill proportioned broken pediment which surmounts the



SOUTH QUADRANT ARCADE, WITH NEW WING BEHIND.

middle of the front, but there is no evidence that this was ever built. If it were, it disappeared long ago, to be replaced by the existing modest stone balustrade.

Thomas Cary was led by Archer into fashionable ways in the treatment of the interior. The ceiling and walls of the room over the entrance hall on the west front were painted by Sir James Thornhill, the ablest English exponent of the manner of Verrio and Laguerre. Much varnishing has obscured Thornhill's heroic

design and given it a glitter which makes photography of the walls impossible and of the ceiling most difficult.

The subject of the ceiling painting is the Feasts of the Gods: the walls are devoted to landscape scenes, set in an architectural framework. The chimneypiece in this room is of the same period and has a mirror and a concave pyramidal overmantel, and the enrichments of its mouldings are painted on the flat. Evidently the whole treatment of the room was confided to Thornhill, for the painting is continuous over walls and ceiling. There is no cornice, but an un moulded cove, over which Thornhill





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ENTRANCE FRONT AND FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE NEW SOUTH ELEVATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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GARDEN FRONT FROM EAST.

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THORNHILL'S CEILING IN PAINTED ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

plied his brush unheeding of the changes of plane. It is probable that when Cary had paid Thornhill for this agreeable extravaganza he had not much left for the other interiors, for they show few important features. The rooms are panelled in painted deal, with nowhere a more elaborate treatment than is shown in the picture of the hall. In the room which adjoins the garden hall (formerly the dining-room) on its south side there is a finely carved free-stone mantelpiece, now illustrated. The writer of the Roehampton notes in the Victoria County History of Surrey records that it is "said to be the work of Grinling Gibbons." This is not a very fruitful suggestion, as the carving is not at all characteristic of that great craftsman, and the only chimneypieces which can, from documentary evidence, be attributed to him, viz., those at Dalkith Palace, are utterly unlike the example at Roehampton. Nevertheless, if taken on its merits and not labelled with Gibbons'

name, it holds its own as a very pretty piece of work. The great staircase is a more serious example of Archer's

power of design. The balustrading is good and typical of its period, but is not enough, in itself, to make the stairs especially notable. The detail which gives them an individual distinction is the moulding of the soffit (or underside) of the solid oak treads, so that their profile matches the form of the console brackets. This is not a unique treatment, but unusual enough and rich enough to demand special notice.

None of the county histories of Surrey is at all luminous about the changes in the ownership of Roehampton House. Manning, writing in 1814, describes it as the seat of George Cary, Esq., which suggests that it remained in the family of the man who built it for over a century. He also says that it "has been the residence of William, Earl of Albemarle, and William Duncan, Esq.," and that "during the summers of 1807 and 1808 it was occupied



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MOULDED UNDERSIDE OF STAIRS.

"C.L."

by the late Dr. Markham, Archbishop of York, and now by John Pearse, Esq., who rents it by the year of Mr. Duncan, the owner." There is a fine confusion about this narrative, and it does not appear how it could be the seat of Mr. George Cary and the property of Mr. Duncan. There we must leave the point, except for the suggestion that probably Mr. Duncan was a speculative gentleman who had acquired the house not long before 1814 from George, the

son of the eighth Earl of Leven, died. The widow of the ninth earl continued to live at Roehampton until her death in 1887. In 1859 she added a wing, which has since been swept away.

A few years ago the house passed by purchase from the Earl of Leven and Melville to Mr. A. M. Grenfell, for whom Mr. Lutyens designed additions to the original house which have about trebled its size. New pavilions



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THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

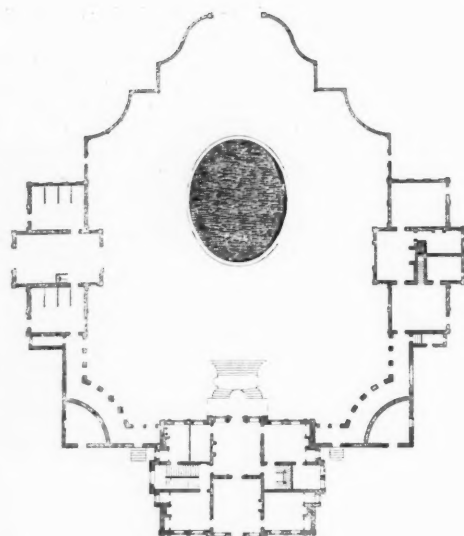
last of the Carys to own it, and that he let it furnished as a summer residence to anybody who came along. When Brayley and Britton published their History of Surrey in 1850, Roehampton was described as the seat of Alexander Leslie-Melville, Esq., who was a younger brother of the eighth and ninth Earls of Leven (they were also the seventh and eighth holders of the Melville Earldom). He was living at Roehampton House in 1857, and it was there that his nephew, Alexander Leslie-Melville, Lord Balgonie, the only

have been built and great wings thrown out on the north and south sides of the old main block. It is obvious that this must have been a very pleasant task for Mr. Lutyens, for his sympathy with the work of Wren's day is most lively, and his touch never more sure than when he is working in that manner.

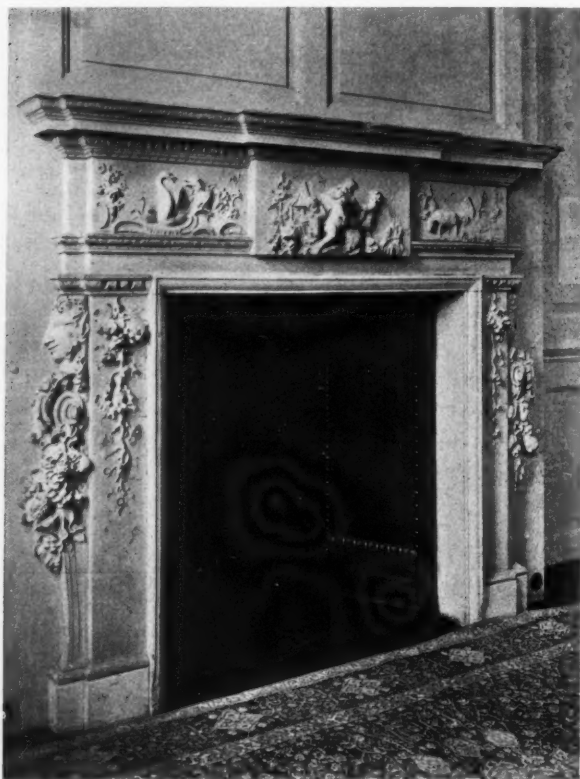
On the new south elevation he has followed in principle Archer's treatment of a slightly projecting middle feature, emphasised by a stone doorway carried up to

frame the window above it, but with its details showing a personal note which distinguishes it from the old work. It was inevitable that the addition of these two wings should reduce the prominence of the original low quadrant arcades on the east front; but they still dominate the design, because the wings show a concave line which balances the convex

its execution was deferred, and only such slight alterations have been made as are necessary to provide hospitality for a few flowers. Nor has his scheme for the interior treatment of the rooms in the new wings been carried out. The hospital is bravely

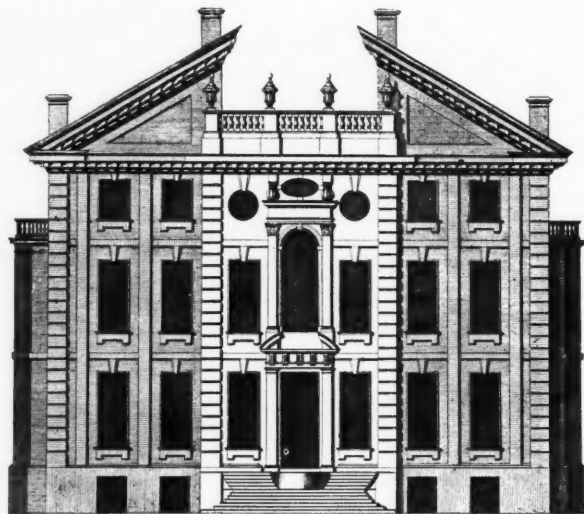


ARCHER'S PLAN.

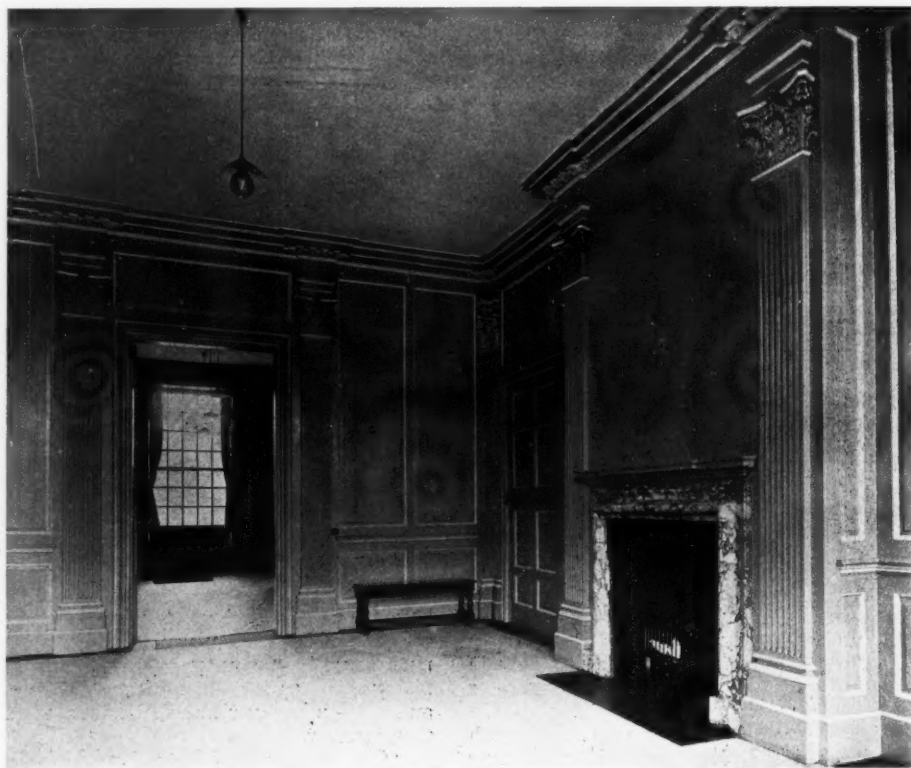


CHIMNEYPIECE IN SITTING-ROOM.

curve of the arcade. The most notable alteration in the interior was occasioned by the removal of the staircase from the main block to the new south wing. This did not involve any interference with the design of the original work, because the flights were re-fixed intact, and the small evidences of alteration that may be seen date, not from the recent removal, but from an earlier alteration of the staircase which was probably done in 1859. On the east or garden front of the house there stretches away a very spacious lawn planted with old cedars, said to have been given in the eighteenth century by one of the Georges. Mr. Lutyens had prepared a scheme for remodeling the old walled gardens which exist to the south-east of the house, but



ARCHER'S ORIGINAL DESIGN.

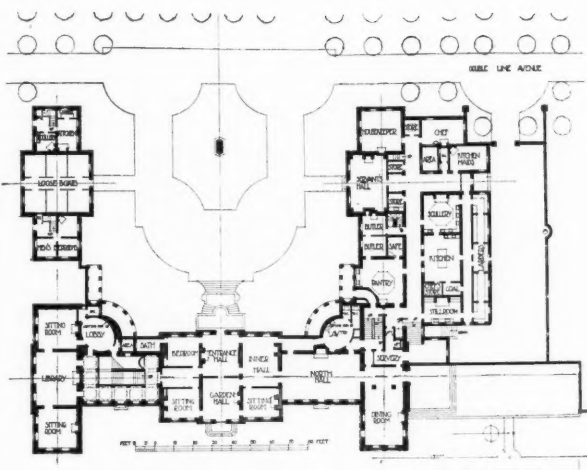


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THE ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

housed in light and airy rooms, which at present show no decorative amenities, but for every reason austerity is the best note for a hospital ward. Roehampton House is none the less apt for its present purpose because it lacks the gracious adornment with paneling, fireplaces and the like, which make the charm of the interiors of Mr. Lutyens' buildings answerable to their outer dignity.



PLAN OF ROEHAMPTON HOUSE AS ENLARGED.

If there is one quality more than another which marks the larger brick houses of Sir Christopher Wren's time—and Archer's work at Roehampton is far nearer in spirit to Wren than to Vanbrugh—it is dignity. In the houses of eighty years later there may be more refinement of detail, but it is won at the cost of losing a robustness which is typically English. Thomas Carlyle said of Chelsea Hospital that, when he gave his mind to it, he perceived it was the work of a gentleman. He might have been at once more specific and more general, by adding that most of the work of this character (of which Hampton Court is the greatest, and Roehampton a smaller, exemplar), was designed by English gentlemen for English gentlemen. A fastidious critic might object that the suggestion imports ideas which are outside the art of architecture, but domestic buildings are an organic part of social life and cannot be considered in an aesthetic vacuum. The enlargement of Carlyle's sound dictum, on which I have ventured, seems obviously true of such a building as Roehampton House. Whatever widening of our sympathies may result from our close alliances with other nations it is unlikely that we shall depart from those English traditions of building which fit our temperament to-day as justly as they did two centuries ago.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

## ROEHAMPTON HOUSE AS A HOSPITAL

ROEHAMPTON HOUSE is now, as has already been said, converted into one of Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals for soldiers and sailors who have lost their limbs in the war. It would be impossible to imagine a nobler use to which any house could be put or a more delightful place for convalescence. The hospital owes much to Mrs. Gwynne Holford, who, with the gracious approval of the Queen, initiated the scheme, together with Mr. Kenderdine, the hon. secretary and treasurer; also to Miss Munn, the matron, and to Surgeon-General Pearson, R.N., the Commandant. It has only been for a comparatively short time in existence, but everything is in the smoothest of working order. At present there are some seventy or eighty patients, but fresh wards will soon be ready in the newer parts of the house where the work of building has been taken up at the point at which it was some time ago temporarily suspended.

Dover House, which is close by, has been most kindly lent by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and here there will soon be a hospital for officers. The King and Queen lately visited the hospital and were keenly interested in all they saw there. And, indeed, it is an intensely interesting place. What is much more remarkable, it is an inspiring and cheerful place. To see so many fine men crippled in the pride of their youth must, in a sense, be saddening; but they give such an example, not only of pluck and patience, but of actual jolliness—there is no other word for it—that the visitor must needs himself have a smiling face.

I wish it were possible to convey in words this wonderful atmosphere of serenity and cheerfulness. The men go to the hospital when their wounds are healed, so that at the time of my visit—I went at the somewhat unconscionable hour of eleven in the morning—all the wards were empty. Charming trim and cool and airy the wards looked with their rows of beds under pretty blue coverlets, and over the head of each the name of the donor. But the really wonderful

thing to see is the garden, where, if it be fine and sunny, the men amuse themselves on the big sweep of lawn all day long. On this particular sunny day they are divided into several groups. One comparatively lazy group rests pleasantly in the shade, playing some recondite game of cards. Close by are two men vigorously kicking a football. One has lost only his right hand, a veritable king in this community of the maimed. The other has lost a leg, and is on crutches, but he has already attained to much skill in managing himself. He steadies himself on his crutches, takes the ball on the bounce and kicks it neatly over his head. Sometimes a too exuberant kick from his partner sends it far over his head, and he goes plunging after it at a great rate. One's first instinct is to go and fetch the ball for him, but a second, and wiser, impulse is to let him fetch it for himself. He likes going after it; the mere getting over the ground is a joy and an experience, and this one notices everywhere. The men are learning all over again, and with excited pleasure, the elementary arts of living. They have something of the fresh pleasure of a child who totters for the first time across the whole wide ocean of drawing-room without putting in at the friendly anchorage provided by tables and chairs.

After a while these two players surrender the football to another couple, who have to play a different kind of game.



SOME OF THE PATIENTS.

Both of them have lost both feet, and so wheel themselves about by their hands in two wheel-chairs. They draw up their two chairs in battle array opposite one another, at a distance of four or five yards, and try to play the most difficult game of heading the ball backwards and forwards. Soon one of them heads it too vigorously; the other leans too far back in a frantic effort to reach it, and over goes man and chair amid roars of laughter both from the victim and the onlookers. He is quickly helped up, wheels his chair once more into position and the game goes on again till the next catastrophe.

A little further off there is an improvised game of lawn tennis over a Badminton net. One of the players is on crutches, so that his reach is much circumscribed. The game therefore is not of a hostile character, but rather a joint and friendly effort by two allies to keep the ball up as long as possible; now and again there is quite a little rally, and one can hardly withhold a sigh of regret when the ball at last falls to the ground. In the recreation room, where several are writing letters or reading the papers, there is yet another game going on. This is billiards upon a table in miniature. A legless player is contravening the rules of the game by sitting on the edge of the table as he makes losing hazards like another Gray.

A little while ago, when there was an exhibition of artificial limbs at the hospital, there came an American who showed what can be done with artificial arms. Perhaps his greatest achievement was the picking up of a sixpence in his fingers from the billiard table. One of the wounded soldiers tried on these miraculous arms and in a quarter of an hour and with a little coaching was able to perform some of the American's simpler feats. There was, too, a legless wonder who gave an exhibition of running and jumping, and, of course, these things were immensely encouraging to the

men. They have not yet received their new limbs and do not know how they will get on with them. Now some of the inevitable clouds have lifted from their horizon and they are able to look forward to a future in which they will not be nearly so helpless as they feared. Indeed this encouragement is one of the chief benefits conferred by the hospital. In the ordinary way a disabled soldier is measured for his artificial limb and then goes home to wait for it. When it arrives, it very likely does not fit exactly. That means that he will be sadly disheartened and suffer much actual bodily pain and he will just have to make the best of it. At the hospital, on the other hand, he may be certain that all that is humanly possible will be done for him under the eye of the most distinguished orthopaedic surgeons, among whom may be particularly mentioned Mr. Openshaw.

Supposing that he has lost a leg, he will first of all have an ordinary "peg" wooden leg, which will help him to get



THE MATRON, NURSES AND STAFF.



A WARD AT ROEHAMPTON HOUSE.

over the first discomfort and accustom his stump to its new ally. Then, when the artificial leg is ready for him and he for it, it will be made to fit exactly and will be altered and altered till it does so, and he will not leave the hospital till he has had plenty of practice with it. Practice is, of course, a great thing. The American, for example, who picked up the sixpence could do so because he had learned to manipulate the muscles near his shoulder, and this is an art not to be learned in a day. The degree of skill that can be acquired must depend on the length of the stump. An elbow is naturally of the greatest assistance, while, with an arm cut off close to the shoulder, not much flexibility of manipulation is possible. Yet the wonderful American had lost his arm above the elbow.

It should be pointed out that some artificial limbs are very expensive. The hospital takes the War Office grant

and supplements it out of its own resources. Some of these come from the Prince of Wales' Fund and others from generous subscribers, but it may easily be understood that there is need of more. At present the best form of limb has not been absolutely determined. At the exhibition some thirty makers—from America, from Italy, from Scandinavia, in short, from all parts of the world—showed their wares. Their various merits were examined by a committee of orthopaedic surgeons, who will decide as to the best and most suitable kinds.

I have tried to give some little description of the work of the hospital, but, as I said, I am quite incapable of conveying the glorious pluck and cheerfulness, the real sun-burnt, grinning jollity of the men. I can only say to anyone who has not been there that, however much he knows of the temper of the British soldier, it is in this case more splendid than he can imagine.

B. D.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### SOME BEAUTIFUL HYBRID IRISES.

**D**URING the last eight or ten years considerable interest has been taken in a new race of hybrid Irises, an example of which is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations. These beautiful flowers first originated in Holland, being obtained by crossing members of the *Oncocyclus* or Cushion Irises with those of the *Regelia* section. All who have attempted the cultivation of the Cushion Irises, of which *susiana* is a good example and perhaps the most tractable of them all, will know to their cost the difficulties experienced. Indeed, they are plants for the expert rather than the ordinary flower lover, though, when they are successfully grown, they possess a fascinating beauty that is difficult for the novice to escape. On the other hand, the *Regelia* Irises are not difficult to grow well; hence the wedding of the two sections has given us a race that possesses a great deal of the beauty of the Cushion Irises and some at least of the tractability of the *Regelias*.

This must not, however, be taken as an indication that this hybrid race, known by the unwieldy but expressive name of *Regelio-Cyclus* Irises, does not present cultural difficulties. The amateur will usually find that they thrive well the first year they are planted, but after that, if given but ordinary treatment, they will slowly but surely deteriorate and prove far from satisfactory. Just the treatment they require is not at present very well known. What is generally agreed upon is that the plants must have a definite period of rest from July until the first or second week in October, but the best means of bringing this about are somewhat obscure. It has been suggested that they should be covered with hand-lights to keep off the rain and to induce a dry, ripening atmosphere; but unless the soil is particularly porous and the locality naturally a dry one, this does not meet with any very great degree of success. Mr. E. H. Jenkins, when writing of these Irises in the *Garden* last year, stated that he had found lifting them in July and replanting them during October to give good results, and experience gained in other directions bears out his statement. In fact, one would treat them much in the same way as they would choice Darwin Tulips. Hence anyone who is growing them should not lose any time in lifting the roots now, if this has not already been done. Each plant ought to be shaken free of soil and then stored in a shallow box

or tray in a cool, airy place until October or early November. By that time they will have made shoots an inch or so in length. During very severe weather, such as a prolonged spell of frost, it is a good plan to cover the bed with some dry, loose straw or bracken, but this must be promptly removed after the frost has dispersed.

Undoubtedly these beautiful Irises appreciate thoroughly drained porous soil and a sunny position. The soil ought also to be enriched with fully decayed organic manure, and have mixed with it some lime rubble or old mortar. At the season named the crowns should be planted so that they are covered with 2 in. of soil, thus affording some protection to the young shoots during the winter months. Since the race was first introduced to this country a number of beautiful named varieties have been raised and put into commerce. These are all exquisitely veined, and provide wonderful colour studies of old gold and bronze, violet and rose, ruby red, white and violet, and rose and grey. The plants are therefore well worthy of the trouble

entailed in their successful cultivation, and though never likely to be so fully represented in gardens as the easier grown *pallida* and *variegata* sections, they will undoubtedly be included in those where beautiful and unusual plants are appreciated. Their flowering season is from mid-April to nearly the end of May. As cut flowers these new Irises are particularly attractive, and they last in good condition for several days when the water is kept fresh. Some of the best of the named varieties are: *Isis*, ruby red; *Mars*, rosy violet; *Charon*, old gold and bronze; *Artemis*, rose and grey; *Jocaste*, satiny white and violet; *Freya*, silvery grey and purple; *Hecate*, purple, cream and reddish brown; and *Eurynome*, bronzy violet and lilac.

The larger illustration represents a new Iris of another section, and one that was thought very highly of when exhibited in London last year. It may best be described as a giant *pallida*, a race of Irises that are good garden plants, thriving as they do in ordinary border soil that is moderately well enriched and drained. *Kashmir White*, as this beautiful new Iris is named, bears its exquisite white flowers on stems nearly 4 ft. high, the lateral shoots being long and thus imparting to the whole a graceful yet bold appearance. I am not sure whether it is in commerce yet, nor can I say whether it will prove a good garden plant, though its appearance leads me to assume



Reginald A. Malby.

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IRIS REGELIO-CYCLUS.

that it will. If it does, it will be a very valuable addition to our hardy border plants that flower during May and early June, notwithstanding the fact that a great many other beautiful Irises are in flower at that time. It was raised, I believe, by the late Sir Michael Foster, who devoted a great portion of his life to the study and development of this fascinating and beautiful race of plants.

#### TWO GOOD YELLOW-FLOWERED SHRUBS.

During the latter part of July and well into August, when flowering shrubs are none too plentiful, there are two which are perfectly hardy and ought to be more extensively grown. The least known of the two is the Mount Etna Broom, *Cytisus aetnensis*. It is the quickest grower of all the Brooms, two specimens that I have, which were planted from 5in. pots less than four years ago, now standing 8ft. high. The stems are long and slender, of semi-pendulous habit, and a pleasing shade of green, hence even in the winter the shrubs are by no means unattractive. For several weeks these shrubs have been cascades of yellow, the rather small, pea-shaped flowers being produced very lavishly. Although they open so comparatively late in the season, seeds ripen well in normal years and seedlings spring up in large quantities if the soil beneath the shrubs is cultivated. The other good yellow-flowered shrub that I have in mind is the Spanish Broom, *Spartium junceum*. This is a very old plant in our gardens, having been introduced to this country from Southern Europe as long ago as 1548. If left alone it will make a rather gaunt shrub from 8ft. to 12ft. high, its large and brilliant yellow flowers being produced in abundance from the end of June until nearly the end of August. The stems are cylindrical and rush-like, and leaves small and few in number. Both this and the Mount Etna Broom are excellent for planting in sandy soil, where few other shrubs will grow, though both will make large specimens more rapidly in soil of better character. Planting should be done while the seedlings are small, and these are best obtained in pots, as the shrubs resent any disturbance of their roots, particularly when they are several years old.

#### HOW TO PROLONG THE STRAWBERRY SEASON.

The arrival of several nurserymen's lists of Strawberry plants serves as a reminder that during the next week or two is the best time of the year for making new beds of this useful

fruit. Strong runners planted at this time become well established before the winter and will, if the elements prove normal, give a good crop of berries during June and July of next year. This, really, is the great advantage of early autumn planting. If the work is deferred until the spring, very little fruit will be available next year, and a loss of practically twelve months will result. Any reasonably good soil will grow excellent Strawberries, but it must be deeply dug and well manured, especially if the plants are to remain for two or three years. Treading afterwards to consolidate the surface before planting also is essential, as the plants appreciate a firm rooting medium. The distance apart to set them will depend upon the time they are to remain. If the one year system is adopted, *i.e.*, a new bed is made every August and destroyed the following year after the fruit has been gathered, 2ft. between the rows and 15in. between the plants will suffice; but for more permanent beds, 2ft. 6in. and 18in. respectively must be allowed. Of varieties there are now a large number, yet for nearly all purposes four, or at the most five, will suffice. For a good all-round and early Strawberry Royal Sovereign has not yet been surpassed. It thrives nearly anywhere, always crops well and, as the fruit is firm, it is excellent for market. Its rather acid flavour is a point against it, though many prefer this to the sweeter varieties. Vicomtesse Héricart de Thury is a good early Strawberry. It is rather small, but a heavy cropper, and the fruit is sweet and of excellent flavour. To follow this and Royal Sovereign, either The Bedford or Bedford Champion should be selected. My experience of the former is that it does well the first year, but cannot be relied upon after that. Hence to get it good a new bed should be made each year. Bedford Champion is slightly earlier, a heavy cropper and does well during the first, second and third years. The quality of both leaves nothing to be desired. For a late variety choose Laxton's Latest or Givon's Late Prolific. Both are excellent in every way. With the varieties named it is easily possible to have good Strawberries for at least two months, instead of only a fortnight or three weeks, where only one variety is grown. One would think that market growers would find it pay them well to grow the late varieties named, as prices, when the fruits were ready, would be much higher than at the height of the season.

F. W. HARVEY.



Reginald A. Malby. IRIS KASHMIR WHITE.

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## LITERATURE.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SIR OLIVER LODGE is a very ingenious and thoughtful writer. His book on *The War and After* (Methuen) is full of ideas and suggestions. Many of them would lead to serious discussion if the time had been more propitious. We are afraid that many readers will reflect that while the enemy is in possession of European territory belonging to the Allies, it is a little previous to talk of what is going to happen after the war. What most of us are thinking is that the contest threatens to be exceedingly prolonged, and although the Anglo-Saxon race is not taking a gloomy view of the upshot, there is enough of seriousness in the propositions before us to engage all our attention. It would be better to concentrate our energy on winning the war than on speculating on what should be done after it is over. When that is said, there still remains a wide field of profitable thought. Sir Oliver's very chapter headings show that he does not realise what a colossal event this war represents. The headings relating to the future include such subjects as Social Unrest, Industrial Conditions, Social Reform, Peace and Disarmament, The Future of Europe, and Other Home Reforms—familiar topics these and much argued about in the days before the war. But what effect is going to be produced on the British nation is, indeed, difficult to foretell. Sir Oliver Lodge in one chapter talks airily of removing the precariousness of wages, of the inconvenience of weekly payment, the pleasure and dignity of labour, and all that sort of thing. But if we go back to the wars of the past, we find that, although long afterwards they bore fruit, they did not do so immediately after they were concluded. Sir Oliver does not take into account the fearful depletion of capital that is going on when a nation blows away in shells and cartridges £3,000,000 per day. Whatever happens, the wealth of the country will be immensely reduced when the war is over, and even if we make an absolute win, it will take a very long time to reorganise industry so that the workers can get back some of their old prosperity. Lean years must inevitably follow the war. The case will be worse if, as seems most probable at the moment, there is a patched-up peace. As far as can be judged, there is a deadlock in France and Flanders from which neither combatant can break away or break through.

The Allies have gained certain advantages, the Central Powers have gained other advantages, and still the contest, with its prodigal outpouring of money, goes on without interruption. The savings of all the years of peace are being dissipated, and it is not at all certain that some of the neutral Powers, such as the United States, will not reap the benefit of the accumulation of unfulfilled demands which must exist at the end of the war. Even strikes were rendered possible, in days of prosperity, only by that prosperity. It is obvious that if capitalists are impoverished and have not money to pay on the accustomed scale, labour may exhaust itself vainly demanding it. This is enough to show that new conditions are being forged in the military furnace and that it is absurd for the wisest to talk as though the old controversies were still to go on in the old ways. What he calls the debilitating struggle for bare existence, instead of certainly ceasing as he expects, will be accentuated and become worse than ever. As far as we can gather, Sir Oliver is of opinion that in the future compulsory training will be necessary, although he shrinks from advocating compulsory service. But he holds, and, we think, rightly, that every citizen should be taught how to take part in the defence of the country. The difficulty would be in drawing a line between that and militarism pure and simple. He dreams a dream that international law may become rule by the existence of soldier policemen whose business it will be to enforce it. This is an ideal often set forth by the pacifists, but practical experience is not in its favour. Before the war broke out Germany had a considerable number of citizens who were professedly opposed to war, but their principles of peace vanished as soon as hostilities were declared. In the nations strictly disciplined for the war, it is but natural to suppose that combined effort on the part of those opposed to fighting will be very difficult. Perhaps the best part of the book is that in which the moral and spiritual gains are set forth. In this aspect Sir Oliver regards the period through which we are passing as "one of the scourging and purifying epochs of the world's history."

The following extract shows what, in his more penetrating moments, the author recognises as likely to be the outcome of the war:

For a generation at least frivolity will surely be burned out of the land, a consuming fire will have passed over it; and an outpouring of the Spirit, long expected, will meet with keener receptivity than ever before.

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old  
But dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold,

Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
And nobleness walks in our ways again;  
And we have come into our heritage.

We have reaped the fruits of the past, we are struggling through the present; only those now young will enter upon the future—a future clouded with anxiety but brightened with hope.

To you, young men, it has been given by a tragic fate to see with your eyes and hear with your ears what war really is. Old men made it, but you must wage it—with what courage, with what generosity, with what sacrifice of what hopes, they best know who best know you. If you return from this ordeal, remember what it has been. Do not listen to the shouts of victory, do not snuff the incense of applause; but keep your inner vision fixed on the facts you have faced. You have seen battleships, bayonets, and guns, and you know them for that they are, forms of evil thought. Think other thoughts, love other loves, youth of England and of the world! You have been through hell and purgatory. Climb now the rocky stair that leads to the sacred mount.

**Wine, Water and Song.** Poems by G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen.)

IN verse Mr. Chesterton is vigorous and alive and amusing. We may not add daring, because in this respect he does not compare favourably with the suburban revolutionary who exclaimed: "Blow convention, I eat mutton with mustard!" These little flights in rhyme have the irresponsible charm of Nonsense Verses. From this point of view how excellent is

"The righteous minds of innkeepers  
Induce them now and then  
To crack a bottle with a friend  
Or treat unmoneyed men,  
But who hath seen the Grocer  
Treat housemaids to his teas,  
Or crack a bottle of fish-sauce  
Or stand a man a cheese?"

And it is only necessary to cite such work as "The Road to Roundabout" to show that he can make thought and rhyme and story run on merrily together, so that whosoever begins to read is thereby compelled to go on to the end. Also there are imagination and satire in "The Song of the Strange Ascetic."

"If I had been a Heathen,  
I'd have crowned Næra's curls,  
And filled my life with love affairs,  
My house with dancing girls;  
But Higgins is a Heathen,  
And to lecture rooms is forced,  
Where his aunts, who are not married,  
Demand to be divorced."

The leader-writer's art is when the point is forced home by exaggeration, and the territory occupied by Mr. Chesterton's muse can be very easily delimited; but why should we criticise and analyse where we can enjoy? Much can be forgiven to the writer of the lyrical cry which ends the volume:

"In the city set upon slime and loam  
They cry in their parliament 'Who goes home?'  
And there comes no answer in arch or dome,  
For none in the city of graves goes home.  
Yet these shall perish and understand,  
For God has pity on this great land.  
Men that are men again; who goes home?  
Tocsin and trumpeter! Who goes home?  
For there's blood on the field and blood on the foam  
And blood on the body when Man goes home.  
And a voice valedictory . . . Who is for Victory?  
Who is for Liberty? Who goes home?"

**Diary of a French Army Chaplain**, by Abbé Félix Klein. (Andrew Melrose.)

THE writer of this book is attached to the great American hospital at Neuilly, where 500 wounded soldiers, French and English, are treated with the utmost skill and kindness. The diary begins with the War, and ends on the last day of 1914. It is a long record of mutilation, suffering and death; yet the reader is sustained by a spirit which breathes through every page, a spirit of pure patriotism and of absolute trust in the divine power and goodness. The writer is clearly a fine flower of French civilisation—a devoted priest, a man of trained intelligence, a most kind and tactful gentleman. The American hospital is at least as fortunate in its Abbé as in its surgeons and

nurses. To write simply and sincerely of these events is evidently difficult, because so few have done it; but the Abbé's heart and brain are equal to the task. For our own wounded men he expresses the most generous admiration, and the quality which surprised him most was not their stoicism or resignation, but their high spirits under such conditions. Frenchmen used to say of us that we took our pleasures sadly; the Abbé tells us that our heroes take their pains with mirth. Gangrene and tetanus, and every form of mutilation and death, are constantly before his eyes, and yet the Abbé's account of the matter is this—and he is no silly optimist: "I live in an atmosphere of heroism and faith." So good a book deserves to be better translated. To this translator *dessus* is not distinguishable from *dessous* (p. 257), and the English is sometimes ungrammatical and often bald. Thus we are told that a blinded soldier was "helped to submit by an ingeniously sublime consort," where the last words seem to mean "by a wife, sublime in her simplicity." It is a pity that the Abbé, who knows English, did not translate his own book; but he had other matters to attend to.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

##### FICTION.

The Sweet Scented Name, by Fedor Sologub, edited by Stephen Graham. (Constable's Russian Library, 4s. 6d. net.)  
My Canada, by Elinor Marsden Eliot. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. net.)

Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia, by R. D. Hemingway and Henry de Halsalle. (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.)  
Never in Doubt, by Nat Gould. (John Long, 6s.)  
The Dual Identity, by C. Guise Mitford. (John Long, 6s.)  
Herndale's Heir, by E. Everett-Green. (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.)  
Salute to Adventurers, by John Buchan. (Nelson, 6s.)  
The Red Derelict, by Bertram Mitford. (Methuen, 7d.)  
His Wife's Sister, by Mrs. Carter Read. (John Long, 6s.)  
Sylvia's Marriage, by Upton Sinclair. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)  
The Eternal Whisper, by Charles Inge. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)  
Pierrot: Dog of Belgium, by Walter A. Dyer. (Duckworth, 2s. 6d. net.)

##### MISCELLANEOUS.

Lyrics of Old London, by Dorothy Margaret Stuart. (Geo. Allen and Unwin, 5s. net.)  
Dream Songs, by Sybil Grant. (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.)  
Interflow: Poems chiefly Lyric, by Geoffrey Faber. (Constable and Co., 2s. net.)  
Race Sentiment as a Factor in History, by the Right Hon. Viscount Bryce, O.M. (University of London Press, 1s.)  
The Holidays: Where to Stay and What to See. (Walter Hill, 1s.)  
France in War Time, by Maud F. Sutton-Pickhard. (Methuen, 5s. net.)  
The Soul of Europe, by Joseph McCabe. (T. Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.)  
War and Diplomacy in the Balkans, by H. Charles Woods. (The Field and Queen (Horace Cox), 6d. net.)  
A Short History of Russia, by Lucy Cazalet. (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 2s.)  
The History of Calwich Abbey, by Mary Teresa Fortescue. (Simpkin and Co., London, and Warren and Son, Winchester.)  
The Public and Private Life of Kaiser William II., by Edward Legge. (Eveleigh Nash, 7s. 6d. net.)  
The Light Car Manual, 2nd. edition. (Temple Press, 1s. 6d. net.)

## MANURE AND FLIES.

BY PROFESSOR H. M. LEFROY, M.A., F.E.S., F.Z.S.

HOUSEFLIES breed for choice in fresh stable manure, and this material is the main source of housefly increase. A stack of fresh manure without straw, made up on June 21st, was yielding many flies on July 1st. A manure stack from London stables, dumped seven miles away, was producing flies to a number conservatively estimated at 230,000; from two stacks of stable manure there was obtained a half-bushel of the puparia, or chrysalis stage, which yielded many hundreds of thousands of flies, now being experimentally used in trials of fly-baits.

A visit to the Fly Exhibition at the "Zoo" will demonstrate to the most sceptical what flies do and where they breed. The stack of stable manure is one main source of houseflies, and it should be dealt with.

Treatments for manure are not in use and the remedy recommended has been the use of borax. This remedy was advocated in a bulletin published by the United States Department of Agriculture in 1914, but in the bulletin itself, the way in which borax acted was admittedly not understood. It seems likely that some mistake was made or that borax does not always act; experiments in England, very carefully carried out in accordance with the instructions, have failed and flies have bred and emerged from borax treated manure.

An elaborate series of experiments has been made with fresh stable manure. The usual procedure was to take the manure, with or without straw, to stack it in uniform heaps of about 100 cubic feet, to keep one stack untreated as a control, and to treat the rest; they were then examined after four days. If the control heap showed maggots, it was assumed that the material and the conditions generally were suitable for fly-breeding, if not, no conclusions were drawn from the treated heaps.

Treatments have been on two lines, first with a liquid that would vaporise in the heaps; secondly, a surface treatment over the heaps. It was soon found that fresh manure heats to such an extent that the maggots are driven to the sides, usually to within six inches or less of the outside; temperatures between 160deg. Fahr. and 170deg. Fahr. are commonly found in the manure heaps, and the maggots requiring temperatures of about 100deg. Fahr., are driven to the outside layer. If the manure contains no maggots, but is visited by flies, these seek warm spots where they can lay eggs, creeping a little way into the manure so that the eggs may be laid in darkness and in a suitable warmth.

Out of all the treatments, this has given the best results: the manure is stacked on ground very lightly watered with a particular liquid; the sides are sloped off to about 45 degrees and the whole manure heap is covered with a thin dressing of earth and liquid, one gallon of liquid mixed with forty gallons of earth. The liquid found suitable is insoluble in water, so that rain does not wash it away. Assuming a layer of earth and liquid of one inch thick, one gallon of liquid mixed in 40 gallons of earth covers 80 square feet of surface. Actually it will safely cover 100 square feet. The two liquids that gave the best

results were green tar oil and neutral blast furnace oil. In no single case were maggots found in the manure heaps so treated, while control heaps always showed maggots; further, when heaps were made up with manure containing maggots, the maggots were found dead on the top of the heaps, driven by the heat to the outer layer and there killed by the oil. Flies will not visit such heaps or lay eggs in them.

When time after time treated heaps are found to be immune and the control heaps, made at the same time, are infected, the conclusion seems clear that the treatment is good; when, further, dead maggots are found, there can be no doubt.

Fresh manure, after being stacked, soon becomes less attractive to flies and up to now no renewal of treatment has been necessary, probably because after treating, the manure becomes less suitable to the flies as a breeding place.

The two oils are obtainable at about one shilling per gallon in barrels, from tar distillers, gas-works and wholesale chemists. In smaller quantities they cost more, as tins are now so expensive; but the cost, even on a small scale, is not excessive.

Assuming a stack to be six feet high, one gallon will cover nine square yards, i.e., eighteen cubic yards of manure. Buying by the gallon, the oil would then cost about 1d. per cubic yard of manure for a treatment of the surface only, 2d. per cubic yard for a treatment of ground and of the surface. This is not excessive, seeing the value now of stable manure near London is from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per cubic yard.

This treatment does not prevent the manure rotting, nor does it injure it. Manure so treated has been used for growing melons in pots, melons in a frame, melons on manure; seeds have been germinated in it and the plants grown to maturity. Pelargoniums, begonias and ferns have been grown with soil and this manure; no difference can be found between untreated and treated manure; these experiments were done with manure only nine inches deep, i.e., the layer of treated earth was only on nine inches of manure and the amount of oil to manure was four times as much as if the manure heap had been one yard high. It seems reasonable to conclude that, with ordinary manure heaps, the treatment is harmless to the manure. In practice one applies the treatment in this way: The ground on which the manure is to be stacked is very lightly treated with the oil or a layer of mixed earth and oil is spread over. The manure is then stacked; the earth required is dug, piled in a heap, and well mixed with the oil till all is impregnated. This earth is then lightly spread over the heap. Fresh manure coming in daily is stacked at one side, and every four days this is covered with a fresh layer of oiled earth. The ground upon which fresh manure is added is sprinkled or spread with oiled earth.

This may seem troublesome and perhaps costly, but if those stacking manure would examine their heaps and realise what enormous numbers of flies hatch from the maggots—or could see, as we have, myriads of flies emerging from the manure heaps—they would find this simpler and cheaper

than trying to cope with hordes of flies in the kitchen. I could show anyone now a green-house filled with swarms of flies derived solely from the two manure heaps referred to above, and I believe that these accumulations of fresh manure are the main

source of our flies. After a very short time this manure has rotted sufficiently to be less attractive to flies, and this treatment appears to entirely prevent fly-breeding during this period when the manure is most suitable.

# THE FLEMISH SYSTEM OF POULTRY REARING :

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED.—IX.

BY BELLE ORPIGNE (FORMERLY MADAME B. ALBERT JASPER).

NOTHING can be started without a more or less considerable investment of capital. The installation of our industry comprises three brooder houses, one incubator room, office, cellars, two sheds, one for litter and the other for utensils. These buildings have to be erected as near each other as possible, as to spread them about on the ground would greatly complicate the business. The incubator room should be built on bricks partly underground. A room for the storing of the eggs, another for the eventual packing of them, a cellar for petroleum and coal should adjoin the incubator room. Above, there should be a big store room as well as a room for mixing the food, an administrative room, and a reserve room for small utensils. The sheds should be constructed near this building, everything must be at hand. The supervision of the business is easier when the manager or head responsible man lives near the brooder houses. Everything has to pass under his eyes—the removal of the chicks from the incubators and the serving out of food and litter. This constant supervision is very economical in practice. Only under these conditions can such a small staff as three men be sufficient. In my establishment everything was worked by two engines of 30 h.p. and 12 h.p. The cost of them and the machinery will require more capital, but they save time and the labour of one man. I did not reckon this outlay in the accounts given, as one can do without them. In the construction of the buildings a future enlargement of the business has to be taken into account. I produced 30,000 birds yearly and could easily, on account of this foresight, have produced double with an extra building and the probable enlargement of another.

A capital of £4,000 is required for the rearing of 30,000 chickens for the table; the greater part is utilised in the construction of the buildings and the other part for the current expenses of the business. All goods should be bought wholesale and by contract at the beginning of the season, payable quarterly. The first three months the business brings in no money, as no chickens are to be sold before this age. The first advance of capital for these three months amounts to 20,445·62frs. (=£817 16s. 5d.), of which details will be found in this article. For small undertakings no approximate cost can be given, as it is dependent on the importance or manner of production. Should it be monthly, three brooder houses would be necessary and a place for the incubator would probably be found on the spot. Should the production be quarterly a bigger incubator room, as well as a big building, would be necessary. A business on a small scale can very often be started with buildings already existing; some alterations, such as rearrangement of doors or windows or the erection of a wall, would have to take place, but, this being only a question of appropriation, a small capital would be sufficient for the setting up of the business. As for the current outlay, here again it depends on the number of birds produced monthly or quarterly; the details of the current expenses herein given will make the calculations easy. It goes without saying that it will not be so profitable as a big undertaking, this one being, in fact, a manufactory of chickens, and in many ways like a hotel or a restaurant: the more people to feed the more profit. This same rule applies also to the heating, lighting and general expenses, as they do not increase in proportion to the profit obtained by a greater number of birds. A small business can never be worked out on the same principle of economy as a large one, where the erection of the buildings and everything beforehand had been calculated with a view to the saving of labour and time. Nevertheless it is a profitable occupation to make £250 yearly out of 80,000 unfattened birds. The difficulty is to start practically and economically.

No business should ever be undertaken without previous knowledge, and the counsel and advice of a genuine

expert mean very much in economy. The expense of securing a competent expert at this sort of business is a trifle when compared with the saving it may bring in construction only and in general management. Many people, unfortunately for themselves, save on the small things and are prodigal in large ones. This is not real economy, especially in this particular case, as this rearing of table birds is totally different from the English rearing. The deficiency of thorough and adequate knowledge will be partly counteracted by the experience of a reliable expert, who, being on the spot, will make the best of everything, teaching, helping in the erection of the buildings, and starting the business if necessary. Advice by correspondence cannot be profitable in this case. Being responsible for the introduction of this method in England, I am ready to place my practical experience at the disposal of my readers either for small or large undertakings.

## COST OF BUILDINGS FOR A YEARLY PRODUCTION OF 30,000 TABLE BIRDS.

	£	s.	d.
Brooder house No. 1 (120ft. long by 30ft. wide) .. .. .	250	0	0
Brooder house No. 2 (150ft. long by 30ft. wide) .. .. .	400	0	0
Brooder house No. 3 (180ft. long by 30ft. wide) .. .. .	600	0	0
16 incubators at £10 each .. .. .	160	0	0
Building of the incubator room (two floors), sheds for litter and utensils, etc. .. .. .	1000	0	0
Heating apparatus, installation of electricity, water pipes, and hydrant, hose installed in all buildings in case of fire .. .. .	300	0	0
28 rearers for brooder house Nos. 1 and 2 at £8 each .. .. .	224	0	0
28 strong slatted sleeping boards for brooder house No. 3 at £1 each .. .. .	28	0	0
Wire netting for double runs, movable partitions, doors of same, numerous food troughs, drinking troughs, scratching boxes, hoppers for the three houses .. .. .	150	0	0
Boxes for food, buckets, wheelbarrows, utensils .. .. .	50	0	0
	£3,162	0	0
Cash for current expenses .. .. .	838	0	0
	£4,000	0	0

The current expenses of the first three months are as follows:—

	Francs.
6,000 eggs would have to be bought monthly during four months: equals 24,000 eggs at 0·20frs. .. .. .	4,800·00
The feeding of 3,000 chicks during one month costs 0·50frs. each .. .. .	1,500·00
The feeding of 3,000 chicks during two months costs 1·10frs. each .. .. .	3,300·00
The feeding of 3,000 chicks during three months costs 1·90frs. each .. .. .	5,700·00
Wages for manager and three workmen quarterly .. .. .	2,100·00
Percentage allowed on 3,000 chickens at 0·13frs. each bird to manager and workmen .. .. .	390·00
Cost of petrol quarterly .. .. .	1,375·62
Cost of litter, coal and electricity, quarterly .. .. .	655·00
Three months' rent of dwelling house, rates and taxes being included in the rent .. .. .	625·00
	20,445·62

Equals, in English money, .. .. . £817 16s. 5d.

At this juncture an average of 2,500 birds are sold and brooder house No. 3 is empty. Every following month the same number of birds will be ready for sale. The three brooder houses should be thoroughly cleaned and the birds of No. 2, being two months old, should be transferred to house No. 3. The little ones of No. 1 should in their turn be carried to house No. 2, and house No. 1 should be ready, after thorough cleaning and disinfection, to receive the baby chicks. The incubators are in the meantime hatching their fourth batch of eggs to fill up No. 1 brooder, and so on every month.

(To be continued on August 28th.)

# CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE OBLIGATIONS OF RACEHORSE STALLION OWNERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In commenting on the action of a stallion owner who, it is currently reported, has allowed his horse, standing at a fee of three hundred guineas, to cover sixty mares, your racing correspondent remarks, "after all a man can do what he likes with his own." But in a case of this sort it is not a question of a man doing as he likes with his own property. The owner is in the position of one who, though he has a reward to receive, has also a duty to perform towards his customers. If he fails in his obligations they are certainly entitled to redress. The stallion alone is the property of the owner, the mares, on the contrary, mainly belong to other people, and if it was concealed from them that a very unusual number of mares were being covered, they have a legitimate ground of complaint. Breeders presumably only took nominations to the horse on the understanding that the ordinary practice of studs would be followed, and that a strictly limited number of mares would be accepted. Otherwise all mutual confidence which should exist goes by the board. If there is one unwritten law more than another, which has for all time been honourably observed between owners of racehorse stallions and owners of mares, it is that a horse should be strictly confined to covering only approximately forty mares a season. If it be true, as alleged, that any owner has taken sixty, or any number approaching sixty, mares to his horse, it is obvious he has not acted fairly towards his customers, and he need not be surprised if they resent it. The very magnitude of the fee (£315) one would have thought would have precluded such a course, which must be unprecedented in the annals of turf history. The several reasons for the wisdom of the old established rule cannot be disputed by those conversant with the management of racing stud farms. But quite apart from these, the public breeder of yearlings for sale has a further very serious grievance against any stallion owner who takes more than the regulation number of mares, quite irrespective of any controversial questions as to whether or not the quality of the horse's stock has been thus impaired for racing purposes.

The breeder for sale presumably was only induced to pay such a fee as 300 guineas for the chance of a foal, knowing that the particular stallion's yearlings would be in great demand, and that the output being of necessity very small, he would have some chance of being recompensed for his outlay and risk. If, on the other hand, the market is swamped by a great number of the horse's stock being offered, prices must be very much lower, and he is damaged accordingly. It may be that a stallion is particularly prolific, and the breeder is rewarded with a foal, even if the horse has not been limited, but it can never be proved if the quality has suffered, and if more brilliant performances on the racecourse would have been the result of greater moderation on the part of the owner. In a well known case, which also at the time, some years ago, was the cause of much criticism, it can hardly be disputed that the fortunes of a highly promising horse were destroyed when greed usurped the motives of prudence and right. In the case of a young sire recently retired from hard training, or one not so naturally fruitful, the result might be the greater number of mares sent to him being barren, and breeders would be in an even worse predicament. It would seem, if there is any foundation for this report, that owners of mares would be well advised in future to obtain from stallion owners a guarantee that their horses would not be allowed to cover more than forty mares if they have any reason to suspect that the owner is likely to consult his own pocket to the detriment of their interests. Fortunately such a precaution would, in reality, be very seldom needed, and, as a rule, breeders have not found stallion owners wanting in either discretion or generosity when cases of extreme ill luck have seemed to warrant some concession being made in particular instances. If the owner of any fashionable stallion is disposed to justify his action in departing from the usual course, let him send a circular letter to his subscribers, and ascertain from them if they would have sent their mares to his stud if he had previously informed them of his intention to cover many more than custom warrants, let alone about sixty, as in the instance which is alleged has recently occurred. Their answer would be probably conveyed to him in no uncertain terms, and he would find himself obliged to either moderate his demands, or remain in future entirely without public patronage.—A BREEDER.

## SOUTH AFRICA'S VANISHING GAME: CAUSES AND REMEDIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A very timely plea for the preservation of the vanishing game of South Africa was put forward by Dr. Breyer, the Director of the Transvaal Museum, Pretoria, in an address delivered at Pretoria on Friday, July 9th, before the South African Association for the Advancement of Science. Referring to the gradual extinction of the game of South Africa, Dr. Breyer recalled the fact that but half a century ago the plains of the sub-continent were teeming with game of almost every description, and he, very pertinently, asked, what was there left? Most people ascribed the disappearance of the game to the merciless slaughter of the Boer hunter. Undoubtedly, said Dr. Breyer, the Boer hunter had done his share of the destruction; but there were other factors, all acting in the same direction. For instance, the native population was increasing rapidly, and with them the number of acres under cultivation. At any Kafir kraal there were large numbers of dogs trained to catch young buck, and this tended to decrease the quantity of game much more rapidly than the killing of full-grown animals, especially males. The great advance of railways had also scared the large game, especially, away to the most inaccessible parts. That was the case with the rhinoceros. The elephant also had practically left the territories forming the Union of South Africa. There were only a few elephants left, those preserved in the Knysna forests, and a small herd in the Sabie Reserve. Dealing with practicable remedies for the gradual extinction of South African game, Dr. Breyer advocated an alteration in the Game Laws, and also the formation of a number of small reserves, which, he considered, would be more satisfactory and more easily supervised than the present vast reserves. Dr. Breyer also pleaded for steps to be taken for the preservation of indigenous flora.—H.

## THE SUPERFLUOUS FOOTMAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read your article, "Professional Drivers and the War," and I think you miss the point. The writer of the article is evidently not in agreement with the incident related by Mr. Harold Begbie, but I should like to go a great deal further than that. There is no class of society in England that has done more for the war than what is termed the "aristocracy" of England. They have practically given everything to the war—sons, everything that can be given. I am about in London a good deal, and neither in the West End nor elsewhere do I see anything at all of the coroneted lady with her footman that is apparently referred to by Mr. Harold Begbie. My home is in the St. John's Wood district, and my war work has been largely in endeavouring to enlist capable motor drivers for service abroad, I am glad to say with a fair amount of success; but a few days back I carefully counted the limousine motors that passed my house in the morning. In less than an hour there were about twenty limousines, apart from touring and open cars, and in each of these there was only one man, evidently going up to his "work" in the City, and out of these twenty about half had a footman. A footman is an absolutely unnecessary feature to a motor car, and it is this class of wealthy young City man who, as far as my experience goes, is the main sinner in keeping his chauffeur from going to the front, to say nothing of the absolute folly and ostentation of having a footman on a motor car in these times of war. A greater advertisement of selfishness and incompetence and absolute failure to understand what war means to England can hardly be imagined than this foolish ostentation of unnecessary men servants who ought to be fighting.—LONDONER.

## DESTROYING WASPS' NESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be glad of any suggestion about getting rid of a wasps' nest which is lodged in an old mole hole. It is, unfortunately, under the roots of a fine red-leaved barberry bush and a good rose, and very close to some good trees, so anything poured down the hole might do damage. My servant has tried pouring boiling water down, but I fear this will not clear the wasps out. If any suggestion can be sent to COUNTRY LIFE I shall be much obliged.—C. A.

[Put a strong dose of cyanide of potassium in the mouth of the hole.—ED.]

## A CUCKOO AND ITS FOSTER-PARENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that to-day (August 1st) a full-grown cuckoo, accompanied by a wagtail, took possession, for three or four hours, of the lawn of my residence at Streasley-on-Thames. The solicitous care of the smaller bird for its pseudo offspring, and the assiduity displayed in feeding it, made a very ludicrous scene.—RICHARD REES.

## A STOCK FOR ROSE MRS. EDWARD MAWLEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of May 15th there is a short paragraph on the rose Mrs. Edward Mawley expressing the opinion that to produce show blooms it is necessary to be continually replanting, because it "goes back." Now, I have been particularly successful in the cultivation of this variety, and have found that when "worked" on to the white single Banksia or Rosa fortuneana, this defect of dying back disappears, and the growth, instead of being somewhat spindly as when budded on the dog rose or the Boursault, becomes particularly robust and vigorous. Our climate, of course, may be part of the reason, but I am inclined to think that the chief factor is the stock. Here in South Australia we use the briar and the Boursault for budding standard's and dwarfs respectively, but many members of the local National Rose Society have many of their roses worked on the Banksia, and the result in most cases has been extremely successful. One member who owned a huge bush measuring 10ft. or 15ft. high and a diameter of 12ft. budded on to it twenty-five different kinds. This bush produces flowers of exceptional merit, many of them quite worthy of being staged in the show box throughout the greater part of the year. Only for a week or so in midwinter is the bush so bare that a bud or flower cannot be picked. Among those that do particularly well in this way are Perle des Jardins, Niphetos, Mrs. Edward Mawley, General McArthur, Mrs. John Laing and Laurent Carle. I have taken the liberty of writing this short note, thinking it might be of interest to your many rose note readers.—CHARLES G. CATER, Clarence Park P.O., South Australia.

## SCENTLESS MUSK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An old maiden lady prided herself on having a large musk pot which, with attention, made flowers all summer and winter. She had other pots of the plant as well, and when one of them ceased to give out scent it was attributed to the fact that through neglect it had nearly died for lack of water. It revived, and the next spring again sent forth its scent. I have known catmint (the newer growth), after a dry spell, to be without scent, nor did the scent come again till the following year. Whether this accounts for scentless musk as a rule I cannot say. A fine pot of musk used to be the pride of country folk and received quite as much attention as the new baby.—SENEX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During the last ten years or so I have carefully watched plants of *minimus moschatus* in many English counties and have found it scentless in every case. My impression is that the plant has taken (or is taking) to self fertilisation, as I have never, during these years, seen it visited by insects.

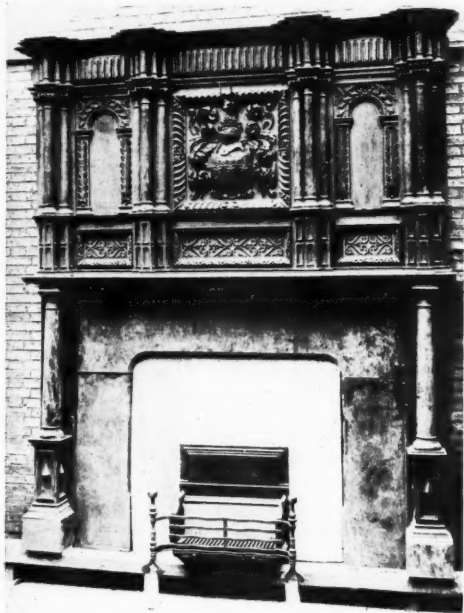
If that is the case, the chloroplasts would have ceased manufacturing the scent, which, of course, is there to attract insects. It is interesting to notice many plants of wild foxgloves in various localities which during the last few years have joined their top florets together, thus making a wide-open bell-shaped flower at the top of the stalk. Every year the number of these abnormal-shaped foxgloves increases. (The garden varieties took to this shape before the wild ones.) I wonder if this is a device of the chloroplasts to ensure the fertilisation of the top florets. These florets rarely open in a normal flower, or if they do are small, and are opened by their visitors (chiefly bumble-bees) with difficulty.—VICTORIA SLADE.

#### A WILBERFORCE FAMILY RELIC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Hull Corporation has just purchased for £500 the fine oak mantelpiece of which I send a photograph. In 1907 it narrowly

escaped going to an American purchaser, and the Corporation has since been negotiating for it. Not only is it a good example of Elizabethan design (and more like Jacobean work in the comparative refinement of its treatment), but it has notable associations. It was made in 1590 for the main hall of the house at Hull where William Wilberforce of slave emancipation fame was born, and bears the coat of arms of Sir



AN ELIZABETHAN MANTELPIECE.

John Lister. Later it was moved to Markinton Hall, near Harrogate, which belongs to the Wilberforce family.—F. S. A.

#### THE HIGHLANDS OF ESSEX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Essex is popularly supposed to be as flat as the proverbial pancake. In point of fact, large parts of the county are as undulating as the Sussex Downs, and in places reach to 300ft. or 400ft. above sea level. High Beech Hill, in Epping Forest, is at an elevation of 365ft., and is justly renowned for the magnificent views from its summit. A rolling and well wooded country stretches as far as eye can see beyond the Lea Valley into Hertfordshire, and to Gravesend and Shooter's Hill. Below can be seen

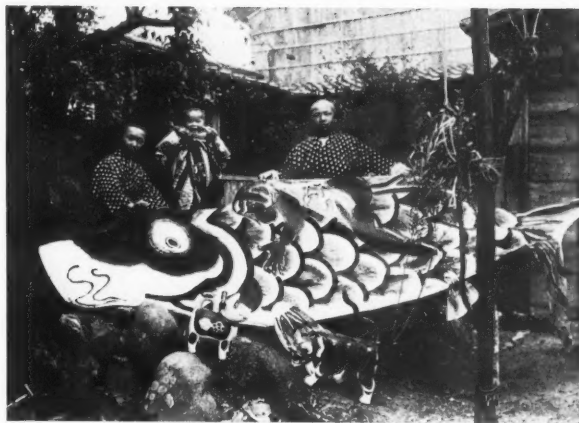
"The wanton Lea that oft doth lose its way,"

as Spenser once sang; and, though the fact is little known, it is along the sedgy banks of the "gulfy Lea" that old Izaak Walton laid the scenes of *The Compleat Angler*. At High Beech the London clay reaches its highest elevation, and it is also well known for its dense tracts of full grown, unlopped beeches. As is usual, these woodlands are almost devoid of undergrowth: the ground is covered by deep layers of "mast" and the dead leaves of past seasons. A number of wild deer still roam at large the denser parts, and their number has been steadily maintained. A poet, impressed by the singular beauty of the vista from High Beech Hill, called the verdant vale beyond "The Valley of Fair Visions," and it is this picture which is seen in the accompanying photograph.—W. CURRAN REEDY.

#### A JAPANESE PAPER CARP.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—This photograph illustrates a big paper carp that I made for my boy in May. On May 5th our people display, as a custom, a big paper or cloth carp in their gardens for their little sons. Here in Japan, the carp



A SYMBOL OF BRAVERY.

is the symbol of bravery, and by this they hope that their sons, when grown up, may bravely fight in the battle of life, just as the carp makes its way against currents of the stream.—K. SAKAMOTO.

#### CARNIVOROUS WASPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is, of course, common knowledge that the wasp is carnivorous, but I had my first opportunity last summer, while confined to a chair in the garden by an injury to my leg, to verify this fact for myself. The caterpillars, which were especially numerous last year, were busily devouring the cabbages near me, and as their time approached a great number of them in their migration to the walls of the house behind me crossed the s one pavement beneath my chair. While thus exposed, many a one fell a prey to the wasps. On several occasions I witnessed the tragic event. The wasp descended precipitately upon the helpless worm and quickly ripped it open on the belly-side from head to tail as if with a pair of scissors, the poor victim's writhings and turnings not ceasing until this operation was completed. Whether the wasp devoured any part of the caterpillar on the spot I was not able to determine; but it gathered up portions of it and carried them away, returning several times for further plunder, until there was nothing left to betray its murderous act. Another victim of the wasp was the fly, though by no means so defenceless as the fattened, homeward-bound caterpillar. The larger flies, of much the same size as the wasp itself, seemed invariably to be selected. They were presumably attacked in mid-air, for each time my first intimation of the adventure was the noise of the struggling pair as they came crashing to earth. On the pavement the struggle continued for a few seconds, always with evident uncertainty as to the issue. On at least two occasions the fly was able to wrest itself from the embrace of its assailant and to make its escape. The wasp on these occasions seemed to require a few seconds to recover from the battle, to plume itself before taking wing again. On all the other occasions the fly succumbed after a brief battle on the ground. Whether the wasp stung it to end its opposition, or perhaps choked it, or whether the fly found itself so bound wing and foot as to be unable to move, I could not observe; but, once its struggles had ceased, the wasp proceeded without opposition to fold its victim into a convenient bundle, which it bore off bodily, presumably to the same storehouse in which the caterpillars and the other flies were stowed away.—CHARLES D. WHITE.

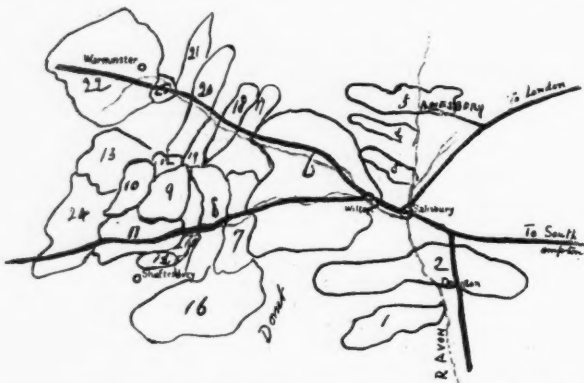


THE LEA VALLEY FROM HIGH BEECH.

WILTSHIRE AND THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a Moonraker I have been much interested in your article on "What the Wilts and Dorset Country Gentleman has done for the War." It may interest your readers to see the enclosed rough map which I have drawn with the object of pointing out in our local papers how well the land-owning class of the county has done in this time of great national service. Working up the river from Downton, you first come to Lord Radnor, commanding the 4th Wiltshire Regiment in India. His son, Lord Folkestone, is in the same regiment. Another son, the Hon. E. Pleydell-Bouverie, is in the Navy. Louis Greville of Heale has his nephew, Lord Brook, on the Headquarters Staff, France. Sir Edmund Antrobus of Amesbury had his only son killed, and died shortly afterwards, as stated by you. That gives all the Avon valley I know of, as most of the land now belongs to the War Office. With the next river, the Wythe, you come to Lord Pembroke in the "Blues," on the Headquarters Staff; his brother George Herbert in the 4th Wiltshire Regiment in India. He owns virtually the whole valley up to Stockton, which belongs to the Bishop of Worcester, Yeatman-Biggs, whose son is in the Gloucester Yeomanry. The next place you come to is Boyton Manor, which belongs to my cousin, Henry Fane, Coldstream Guards, who was wounded in the retreat from Mons, and is now A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Australia. The next property is Norton Bavant, which belongs to me, let to Mr. Lindsay Bury, whose only son has been a despatch rider in France and was mentioned in despatches. Taking the third branch of the stream, the Nadder Valley, you



INDEX MAP TO "THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN."

have for many miles Pembroke property, then Penruddocke of Compton, one of our oldest Wiltshire families, one son, Charles, serving with the 8th Wiltshire Battalion, and one son serving with the 3rd Wiltshire Battalion. Next you have William Wyndham of Dinton whose brother, John, is serving in West Africa. Then the Morrisons of Fonthill. Archie Morrison has gone back to the Grenadier Guards as Reserve Captain, and has been wounded in the shoulder. The Wyndhams of Clouds you have described. Poor Percy was killed at Soissons, and his cousin in the Devon Regiment, to whom he left the property, was also killed. Lady Octavia Shawe-Stewart of Fonthill Abbey has two grandsons, the sons of her son Walter, one in the Rifle Brigade, one in the Coldstream Guards, both wounded, and one back at the front. The eldest, Guy, got seventy-two hours leave and married very quietly. Gordon of Wincombe has three sons, Reginald Gordon, Dorset Yeomanry, Cairo; Charles A. Gordon, A.D.C. to Major-General Wapshare, 33rd Brigade, Persian Gulf; Gerard M. Gordon, 3rd Royal Fusiliers, Belgium, invalided. Beaufof of Combe has one son in a London Rifle Regiment. Sir James Pender of Donhead has a nephew in the Scots Greys. Pitt Rivers has his only son in the Royal Dragoons wounded, and the Benetts of Pythouse, who are the oldest Wiltshire stock going—as we have owned this property since 1270—are represented by your humble servant, who has been in France, and invalided home with rheumatic fever, having gone back as a Reserve Officer, and my son, in the Royal Artillery some two years before the war, and who is now invalided home with enteric. The map I send you with this letter (if you are interested in publishing it) is at your service.—JOHN BENETT-STANFORD.

Property.	Owner.	Relation.	Name.	Regiment.	Place.	Remarks.
1. Breamore	Sir E. Hulse	Self	Sir E. Hulse	Grenadier Guards	France	Killed
2. Longford	Lord Radnor	Son	Lord Radnor	4th Wiltshire Regt.	India	Serving
			Lord Folkestone			
			Hon. E. Pleydell Bouverie	H.M.S. Orion	North Sea	
3. Heale House	Hon. Louis Greville	Nephew	Lord Brooke	Late 1st Life Guards	Headquarters Staff, France	
4. Wilsford	Lord Glenconner	Son	Hon. E. Wyndham Tennant	4th Grenadier Guards	Marlow	In training
			Hon. Chris. Tennant	H.M.S. Lord Nelson	Dardanelles	Serving
5. Amesbury Abbey	Sir E. Antrobus	Self	E. Antrobus	Grenadier Guards	France	Killed
6. Wilton	Lord Pembroke	Self	Self	The Blues	Headquarters Staff, France	Serving
		Brother	Hon. George Herbert	4th Wiltshire Regt	France	
7. Compton	Charles Penruddocke	Son	G. Penruddocke	7th Wiltshire Regt	Marlborough	
			Charles Penruddocke	3rd "	France	
8. Dinton	W. Wyndham	Brother	John Wyndham	Somerset Light Infantry	West Africa	
9. Fonthill House	Hugh Morrison		J. A. Morrison	Grenadier Guards	France	Wounded
10. Fonthill Abbey	Lady Octavia Shaw-Stewart	Grandson	Guy Shaw-Stewart			
			Niel Shaw-Stewart	Rifle Brigade		
11. Pythouse	J. Benett-Stanford	Self	J. Benett-Stanford	1st Royal Dragoons		Invalided
		Son	Vere Benett-Stanford	R.F.A.		
12. Chicklade	J. Halliday		Alec Halliday	11th Hussars		Killed
			John Halliday	8th Reserve Regt. Cavalry		Serving
			C. Halliday			
13. Clouds	Percy Wyndham	Self	Self	Coldstream Guards		Killed
	George Wyndham	Cousin	Owner of Clouds	Devonshire Regt.		
14. Wincombe	George Gordon		Reginald Gordon	Dorset Yeomanry	Cairo	Serving
			Charles A. Gordon	A.D.C.	Persian Gulf	
			Gerard Gordon	3rd Royal Fusiliers	Belgium	Invalided
15. Donhead	Sir James Pender	Nephew	J. Denison Pender	Scots Greys	France	Serving
16. Rushmore	A. Pitt-Rivers	Son	G. Pitt-Rivers	1st Royal Dragoons		Wounded
17. Bathampton	Bishop of Worcester		G. Yeatman-Biggs	R.F.A.		Serving
18. Stockton	H. Fane	Self	H. Fane	Worcestershire Yeomanry	Worcester	In training
19. Boyton	H. Fane	Self	H. Fane	Coldstream Guards	Australia	Wounded
20. Heytesbury	Lady Heytesbury	Brother-in-law	Lord Heytesbury	3d Wilt Regt.	Weymouth	
21. Norton Bavant	J. Benett-Stanford	Tenant	Lindsay Bury	Red Cross	France	Servin2
		Son	Eric Bury	Despatch rider		
22. Longleat	Lord Bath	Son	Lord Weymouth	Scots Greys	York	
23. Sutton Veney	Geoffrey Lubbock	Self	Self	N. Somerset Yeomanry	France	
24. Stourhead	Sir Henry Hoare	Son	H. Hoare	Dorset Yeomanry	Shertourne	In training

"FIDDLESTICKS!"

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"Fiddlesticks" is a great word, or was years ago, among country-folk mothers when their children came with childlike complainings. "Oh! fiddlesticks!" mothers urged, and that was all the consolation offered, unless the complaint was really serious. It has for years been on my mind whether the word comes from the fiddle-bow or from a children's amusement called "fiddles" and "fiddlesticks." There is a half aquatic plant called figwort found growing in damp ditches and on the half wet sides of brooks, the roots of which spring from about a level with the water. This plant is known to Midland children as "fiddles"; the square stalks with winged or flap edges, when drawn one across the other, gives out sounds like those made by fiddle strings. With these stalks children set up bands of music, the thickest stalks making deep notes, the upper thinner stalks shriller or higher notes. Thus the whole figwort plant was known to old and young as "fiddlesticks," and this seems to me to be the derivation of the mother's impatient ejaculation of "fiddlesticks!" and the word is not from the fiddlebow, although it is often called "a fiddlestick."—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

HOW WOODPECKERS DRUM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been rather interested with the account of the marauding cat in COUNTRY LIFE for June 5th, by Mr. Walter Raymond. I think he is mistaken respecting the loud buzzing noise made by the greater and lesser spotted woodpeckers. According to my experience, this noise is made by the violent vibrating of their wings, as done by all the grouse tribe. At the present moment I have a case of stuffed greater spotted woodpeckers, male and female, which I have had for the last fifty years, the cock of which I shot while making that noise. He was perched upright nearly at the top of a high larch tree in the early spring. The noise attracted me to him. I quietly got to the foot of the tree, and there I saw his red breast feathers shining in the morning sun. After watching him making that buzzing noise for a few seconds I shot him, and he fell at my feet. This seems to me a proof that the noise is not done by their beaks in a crevice as stated.—R. M. PRESLAND.

GOLF LINKS AS RABBIT WARRENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know how golfers will take the suggestion, especially coming from one who is himself a golfer, but it seems to me that it is possible at the moment to turn some of our links, particularly those at the seaside, which are otherwise of little value in our national crisis, to some account as a source of food supply by allowing and encouraging the rabbits to multiply upon them. No insistence need be laid on the value of rabbits as a good food. They would be very welcome in hospital, camp or Fleet, besides their monetary worth in the market. The links, which will hardly support any other life, afford feeding for an indefinite number of rabbits, though the sandy soil is hardly suited for agriculture. All who have been concerned with the formation of golf courses or links ground know that one of the chief initial difficulties was to keep down the rabbits, and if they were allowed to multiply unchecked their numbers would soon become quite important as an addition to the national food supply. And it is a supply that would require very little labour to produce. That is where it has the advantage over the suggested schemes of converting inland courses, which usually have a richer soil, into cabbage gardens or potato patches. The labour for the present agriculture of the country is already none too plentiful. Generally the links by the seashore are situated so far away from the arable land that the multiplication of the rabbits upon them would be no menace to the neighbouring farmers. It is rather an unworthy argument to bring forward, perhaps, at the moment, but for the golfer's comfort it may be said that the rabbit, even in his natural multitudes, is not of necessity a very bad greenkeeper, as witness such courses as Luffness, Gullane, Archerfield, etc., along the southern shores of the Forth. It is the rabbits that have bitten the grass here down so fine that no mown putting greens can beat these natural ones. But even if the rabbits should spoil the courses temporarily, it is damage which can be repaired, and in any case is not to be put into comparison with a prospect of appreciably increasing the nation's food.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.